The Chicago Tribune.

VOL. 23. CHICAGO, SUNDAY, JANUARY 30, 1870.—WITH SUPPLEMENT. NUMBER 214.

HELP WANTED—MALES.

SITUATIONS WANTED—MALES.

SITUATIONS WANTED—FEMALES.

AGENTS WANTED.

HELP WANTED—FEMALES.

TO RENT—HOUSES.

MISCELLANEOUS.

TO RENT—ROOMS.

TO RENT—STORES AND OFFICES.

WANTED—TO EXCHANGE.

WANTED—TO RENT.

BUSINESS CHANCES.

BOARDING AND LODGING.

FINANCIAL.

BOARD WANTED.

PARTNERS WANTED.

WASHINGTON.

Speech-Making in the House.

Golladay, of Kentucky, Declares for Repudiation.

Missouri Railroad Projects.

The Postal Telegraph Scheme.

FORTY-FIRST CONGRESS.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 29.

SENATE.

Not in session.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

FOREIGN.

Great Britain.

France.

Rome.

Bavaria.

Cuba.

THE WEST.

Ten Shipments Over the Union Pacific Railroad—Further Account of Colonel Baker's Indian Operations Confirmed—Suicide—Personal.

Special Despatch to The Chicago Tribune.

INDIANA.

Indianapolis Delegation to the State Republican Nominating Convention.

Special Despatch to The Chicago Tribune.

GEORGIA.

Assassination of a Revenue Officer.

Special Despatch to The Chicago Tribune.

WISCONSIN.

Birthday of Tom. Paine—Railroad Items.

Special Despatch to The Chicago Tribune.

The Peabody Obsequies.

St. Louis Items.

Arrangement for a Duel at Key West.

Philadelphia Contested Election Cases.

Wonderful Physical Phenomenon.

A Massachusetts Criminal Discharged by the Canadian Authorities.

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Statistics Presented by the Superintendent of Public Instruction.

Report of the Committee on Miscellaneous Corporations.

The Cook County Judiciary.

Special Despatch to The Chicago Tribune.

THE CONVENTION.

NEW YORK.

ST. PAUL.

Return of Canadian Press Correspondents from Winnipeg—What they Suffered.

TENNESSEE.

The State Constitutional Convention—Boy Fatally Injured—The Turf—Steamer Sunk and Four Lives Lost.

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Death of a Prominent Citizen of Cleveland.

Burned to Death.

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Formation of a New Ministry—An Unsuccessful Attempt—Caricature of M. Ollivier.

Presidency of the Corps Legislatif.

The Œcumenical Council—Attempts to Convert England—Healing Schisms.

Cost of Opening the Suez Canal.

Prince Bonaparte's Challenge to Rochefort.

DRY GOODS.

THIRD WEEK OF THE GREAT DRY GOODS SALE AT Carson, Pirie & Co.'s RETAIL STORE, 118 & 120 State-st.

Still Further Concessions and Sacrifices.

The Golden Opportunity for Purchasers.

The sale on Monday more especially devoted to Cottons, Linens, Housekeeping Goods and DRESS GOODS.

Call and see how goods are being sold.

BOOK AND JOB PRINTING.

Robert Fergus' Sons PRINTERS Established 1840. Office, 14 CLARK ST.

Printing House, 244 to 248 Illinois Street.

REMOVED.

REMOVAL OF Green's Photographic Gallery TO No. 85 State-st.

New Gallery, No. 85 State-st.,

DENTISTRY.

PRICES FOR DENTISTRY.

DR. J. C. DEAN New Dental Rooms

SURGEON DENTIST.

LUMBER AND TIMBER.

LUMBER AND TIMBER.

BRADNER, CHARNLEY & CO. Lumber Merchants, 248 South Water-st.

WANTED.

WANTED.

WANTED, FOR THE Chicago Amateur Dramatic Society, TWO GENTLEMEN.

LUMBER VESSEL WANTED.

Wanted, to Rent. A Small House on the West Side.

TO SALESMEN.

WANTED.

WANTED—BOARD.

GENERAL NOTICES.

To Insurance Companies.

NOTICE.

A CARD.

GAS.

TAXES TOWN LAKE. DANIEL BURCKY, Collector, 78 LaSalle-st., Room 9.

LOTTERY.

FURS.

Previous to taking Inventory we are offering our entire stock of LADIES' FURS, Consisting of all the latest and most stylish Goods, at greatly reduced prices. BISHOP & BARNES, Fashionable Fur Manufacturers, 115 LAKE-ST.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

BRAND'S TEMPLE OF ART. 28 Washington-st.

NOVELTY PHOTOGRAPH ROOMS.

THE SKATING SEASON.

WEST SIDE RINK OPEN AFTERNOON AND EVENING. GOOD ICE. MUSIC EVERY NIGHT.

LAUNDRY.

OPERA HOUSE LAUNDRY Court Place, rear of Opera House.

JAPANESE GOODS.

JAPANESE AND CHINESE STORE, No. 85 Madison-st., NEAR WABASH-AV.

BUSINESS CARDS.

SMITH & KOHLSAAT, PROBATE LAWYERS.

GRAIN SEPARATOR.

HUNTER'S GRAIN SEPARATOR.

DRY GOODS.

HOTCHKIN, PALMER & CO., 91 STATE-ST.,

Our Entire Stock at Cost, CONSISTING OF Velvets, Velvet Cloaks, Cloth Cloaks, Cloaking, Black Dress Silks, Paisley Wool Shawls.

HOSIERY.

LADIES' FURNISHING And Fancy Goods,

Underclothing, Children's Clothes, Fine Laces, of all kinds,

At Actual Cost, FOR THIS WEEK ONLY. HOTCHKIN, PALMER & CO., 91 STATE-ST.

BANK STATEMENTS.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE MECHANICS' NATIONAL BANK OF CHICAGO, At the Close of Business, Jan. 22, 1870.

FISH.

FISH.

This is the First Horn of the Season.

Just received and for sale low:

1,000 half brls No. 1 Mackerel.
1,500 half brls No. 2 Mackerel.
2,000 half brls Fat Family Mackerel.
500 half brls Extra Mess Mackerel.
2,500 half brls Extra No. 1 Mackerel.
3,800 half brls No. 1 Whitefish.
2,000 half brls No. 1 Trout.
5,000 kits No. 1 Mackerel.
3,000 kits No. 1 Whitefish.
2,000 kits Extra Mess Mackerel.
1,500 kits English Breakfast Mackerel.
3,000 boxes fresh Smoked Bloaters.
5,000 boxes fresh Smoked Herring.
10,000 lbs Fresh Smoked Halibut.
1,000 qntls George's Codfish.
1,800 qntls Bank Codfish.
1,000 kegs C. B. Holland Herring.

By DIX & CASE, Wholesale Fish Dealers, 47 South Water-st.

FINANCIAL.

FOR FOREIGN EXCHANGE APPLY TO HENRY GREENEBAUM & CO., BANKERS, Corner Lake and LaSalle-sts.

Letters of Credit for Travellers issued, available throughout the World. Commercial Credits opened to Importers on reasonable terms.

REPUBLIC INSURANCE CO., Chicago, Jan. 25, 1870.

The Transfer Books of this Company will be closed from the 1st to the 15th February next, for the payment of the usual semi-annual cash dividend of 5 per cent.

A. DUDGEON, President.

National Bank of Commerce, 107 DEARBORN-ST., CHICAGO.

A. VANCE BROWN, President. CHARLES T. ECKLEY, Cashier. JOHN OTT, Assistant Cashier.

Illinois County and Township Bonds WANTED.

MONEY TO LOAN On Improved City Real Estate.

Money to Loan.

FINANCIAL.

INSTRUCTION.

NORTH SIDE SCHOOL,

MUSICAL.

FERRY HALL LAKE FOREST, ILL.

FURNITURE.

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE. WM. W. STRONG, 302 Randolph-st.

REAL ESTATE.

CANAL-ST. LOT FOR SALE CHEAP.

Residence for Sale.

AMUSEMENTS.

CROSBY'S OPERA HOUSE.

BILLY EMERSON,

7-7-7-7-7-7-7 SISTERS, OR, THE DAUGHTERS OF SATAN ON A VISIT TO CHICAGO.

Grand Zouave March and Drill

BEAUTIFUL FAIRY CULMINATION SCENE.

AIKEN'S MUSEUM.

EAST LYNNE; OR, THE ELOPEMENT.

VIRGINIA MUMMY.

SURF.

THROUGH FIRE AND WATER.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.

IRISH BOY AND YANKEE GIRL, MR. & MRS. W. J. FLORENCE.

COLLEEN BAWN.

THE YANKEE HOUSEKEEPER.

LIBRARY HALL.

MISS KATE FIELD WILL LECTURE MONDAY EVENING, FEB. 7, 1870. SUBJECT: "Among the Adirondacks."

FARWELL HALL.

Miss OLIVE LOGAN WILL LECTURE ON "GIRLS," ON WEDNESDAY EVENING, FEB. 9.

DEARBORN THEATRE.

MANNING'S MINSTRELS.

BEN COTTON.

The First Part is Entirely New.

TURNER HALL.

GRAND MASQUERADE BALL OF THE CHICAGO TURN-GEMEINDE, At their Hall, North Clark-st., TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1870.

LIBRARY HALL.

Chicago Library Association

Miss ANNA E. DICKENSON Will give a lecture on "Whited Sepulchres and Mormon Life," On MONDAY, Jan. 31, 1870.

A. FISHER'S DANCING ACADEMY, Nos. 125 and 127 North Clark-st.

JAMES BULLOCH, THEATRICAL COSTUMER,

ART GALLERY.

First Annual Assembly Reception OF THE SUBSCRIBERS TO THE OPERA HOUSE ART GALLERY, CHICAGO, ILL., Thursday Evening, Feb. 10, 1870.

AMERICAN AND FOREIGN ART

SOCIETY BALL.

St. George's Ball, AT CROSBY'S MUSIC HALL, TUESDAY, FEB. 8.

FOR SALE.

HARDWARE STOCK FOR SALE OF $3,500.00.

LUMBER YARDS FOR SALE.

HOUSE MOVING.

HOUSE MOVING.

AUCTION SALES.

WM. A. BUTTERS & CO., Auctioneers, 8, 8, 9, AND 11 RANDOLPH-ST.

Regular Trade Sales. DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, BOOTS, SHOES, &c., Every Wednesday and Thursday. HOUSEHOLD GOODS, Every Saturday.

By D. LONG & CO. Regular Wednesday's Sale OF NEW AND SECOND-HAND Furniture.

PROPOSALS.

SEALED PROPOSALS

TO BUILDERS.

TO RENT.

TO RENT.

FLOURING MILL TO RENT.

COAL.

Mt. Sterling, Pennsylvania, CANNEL COAL. The Best American Coal Mined.

DYER & PAYNE, North End Rush-st. Bridge.

AGENTS WANTED.

DISSOLUTION NOTICES.

DISSOLUTION.

REAL ESTATE.

IMPROVED PROPERTY WANTED.

BUILDING LOTS WANTED.

The Tribune.

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS.
PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.
[illegible]

SUNDAY, JANUARY 30, 1870.

A WEEK'S WORK.

The Recorder's Court during the last week has done good service. It has convicted a dozen or more of notorious and expert burglars, thieves, and ruffians, and the juries have not only convicted but have added long terms of imprisonment. Several other of these men, not daring to take the chances of having the term of their imprisonment fixed by the jury, have pleaded guilty. One cause of this action has been that the jurors were men of business, who took a practical view of the contest between society and crime, and had no difficulty in reaching a just conclusion.

The public are very justly alarmed at the boldness of the criminals who infest the city, and are loud in their demand for police protection; but merchants and others who dread the visits of the burglar, or the violence of the street robber, should remember that the most certain means of getting rid of both is to have [illegible] men in the jury-box, who will convict and severely punish them when arrested. The right place for a Vigilance Committee is the jury-box, where justice can be meted out to criminals as they are brought in.

The police, too, have been industrious, and [illegible] a score of other notorious criminals, who, unless straw bail or mistaken clemency interferes, will be withdrawn for some time from active life. This work should go on. The police should follow up these men, and the public will hold to a full responsibility all those who interfere with the course of justice. When the next jury for the Recorder's Court is summoned, let no man ask to be excused, but let each citizen give a few days of his time to the work of trying and convicting these men. It will take but a few weeks of vigorous execution of the law to render Chicago too hot for the ruffians who have hitherto successfully put the law at defiance.

HORACE COOKE'S DEPRAVITY.

The *Western Christian Advocate*, in referring to the elopement of Rev. Horace Cooke with Miss Johnson, says:

"This scandalous affair created great excitement and grief in the Church, and furnished the enemies of religion an excellent occasion to blaspheme."

One might naturally suppose the friends of religion, rather than its enemies, would be specially provoked by Mr. Cooke's villainy, nor are we wholly disappointed, for the *Advocate* itself, a little further on, bands itself with the enemies of religion in abusing poor Mr. Cook in this style:

"It is another proof of the frailty of human nature and of the depravity of the human heart. The devil leads his victims captive at his will, and we have sometimes thought that when he achieves a victory like this he takes devilish pleasure in laughing at the stupidity and wretchedness of the human soul."

It will be seen that, while the enemies of religion are content with criticising this peccadillo of Mr. Cooke, the *Advocate* improves the occasion not only to introduce the devil as Mr. Cooke's accomplice,—a fact which has not been verified,—but to throw mud at the moral character of the whole human race and to blaspheme against human nature itself. If Mr. Cooke's crime proves merely the "frailty of human nature and the depravity of the human heart," then it proves the frailty of all whose natures are human, as most of ours are, and of every human heart. In other words, the commission of a peculiarly mean crime establishes the fact that all other men are as mean as the criminal, and, *vice versa*, that he is as good as anybody. Such a cheap mode of establishing a good character certainly places that "pearl above rubies" within the reach of the most contemptible. But does not the very ease of acquiring a good character by committing a special meanness undermine all moral distinctions? Is it possible for anybody to vigorously and sincerely condemn an act which has no more of turpitude than the common frailty and depravity which are found in all men?

Is it the depravity of "the human heart," or only that of Horace Cooke, that is indicated by his crime? If it be the latter, then when the *Advocate* charges the same depravity on all men as that villain manifested in the meanest moment of his life, it comes as near blasphemy as any man can in speaking merely against his fellow-men. More than this, by using certain theological terms in a false sense, it casts discredit on the religious doctrines with which those terms stand identified. The "depravity of the human heart" is a phrase only used among intelligent religious teachers to express the dependence of all men on exterior aid, and a higher power than themselves, or their fellow-men, for repentance, forgiveness, and a religious life. In this sense, the belief in the universal depravity of man,—*i. e.*, in his universal need of a Savior,—is perhaps the most general of the fundamentals of any that enter into the Christian faith. But only the enemies of the doctrine itself impute to the term "depravity of human nature" the meaning here put upon it by the *Christian Advocate*, viz., that all mankind are capable of committing any particular immorality or crime. The Western *Christian Advocate*, therefore, has done a double disservice to religion; it has slandered human nature generally in order to drag all men down to the moral level of Horace Cooke, and it has perverted a doctrine in which a very large portion of Protestant Christians believe, by applying it to cover an act of crime in a manner which every believer of that doctrine will scout as preposterous, immoral, and irreligious. The depravity of human nature must be something in which all human nature is alike, and can neither apply to, nor be illustrated by, acts of special immorality and villainy, for which the individual committing them is alone responsible, and whose very enormity depends upon its being revolting instead of natural to mankind generally.

THE IRISH IN IRELAND.

An election was held in Longford, Ireland, some weeks ago, for a member of Parliament, and the Irish papers of both sides represent the scenes as most disgraceful. Longford has a population in which the Orange element is largely represented. The Fenians, and those who sympathize with them, and the Orangemen supported Mr. John Martin, who, though not a Fenian, is a "Nationalist." Colonel Greville-Nugent, a Liberal, was supported by those Roman Catholics who followed the advice of their clergy. The election was conducted in the presence of two hostile bodies of men, each numbering about 1,800, who were ranged in military order, and fought resolutely one against the other. Had these men been strangers to each other; had they been of different races, speaking different languages, and bred in the customs of savage life, they could not have fought more relentlessly to destroy one another. They were all Irish,—not a Saxon or a negro on either side,—and yet men never fought more fiendishly to wound, maim, or kill one another. The union between Fenians and Tories was founded upon a common hostility to Gladstone's reforms. Both seek to make those reforms odious to the English people; hence the Tories and Fenians voted for O'Donovan Rossa in Tipperary, and for Mr. Martin in Longford.

The breach which exists between the Fenians and the Roman Catholic Church may now be considered final. It hardly needed the recent special excommunication by the Pope to make the controversy irreconcilable, and it is hardly any more necessary to add that the breach will never be healed over. There is no precedent in Irish history where any party or faction ever became reconciled with another, or where any feud, political, religious, or family, or between counties, or villages, or parishes, was ever settled so long as there was one survivor of each party. An Irish feud is for all time, and, when terminated by the annihilation of all the parties who had even the remotest interest in it, will be taken up [illegible] by other parties for no other [illegible] than [illegible] something to fight [illegible]. The [illegible] between the Fenians and the Church will have the effect of immediately developing the actual strength of the Fenians in Ireland, and also of [illegible] the recognized control of the Church over the people. The issue is now fairly and squarely made, and, like all other Irish controversies, will be carried on by incessant scenes of violence and outrage on both sides. That the sympathies of the Roman Catholic people of Ireland are with those who favor Irish nationality is beyond all question, and the more hopeless that nationality appears, the more cherished is the idea. The Church, however, adheres to the policy that Ireland will be more happy and prosperous under a free and liberal government of the United Kingdom than it could ever be as an independent nation. The Orange party in Ireland is utterly opposed to this liberalization of the rule in Ireland, and, though hostile to Fenianism, resorts to the political dodge, wherever it is in a minority, of aiding the Fenians in opposing the Church, and in bringing into contempt the conciliatory policy of the Gladstone Government.

The cause of Fenianism in Ireland may therefore be regarded as extremely chimerical. To conquer Ireland and make it independent, it will have to break down, overwhelm, and extirpate the Catholic Church, and also overcome the Irish Protestant population. As long as the Church tolerated Fenianism as any other popular evil it had the moral support of at least half the population. But when it falls under the special ban—when the Church shuts its doors upon the organization,—the case is altered; and, though out of Ireland no such result would happen, there, henceforth there will be a feud between Roman Catholics and that society, which each man will make a personal matter, and which will be fought out by personal violence until one or the other party is completely extinct.

The Church and a Liberal English Government are a very powerful combination in Ireland. There is no question that the material condition of the Irish people has vastly improved during the last decade. The number of acres under cultivation has greatly increased, and the productions of the country are proportionately larger. Pauperism has steadily declined, and crime, except that resulting from political and faction fights, diminished. Education has also been extended, and the proportion of the rising generation in Ireland unable to read and write will be as small as that of Massachusetts or Rhode Island. Personal prosperity tends to produce political content, and when that prosperity is accompanied by a liberal and progressive policy on the part of the government, though it may take time, it will in the end destroy that national hatred which was universal under poverty, desolation, and despotism.

It is one of the terrible facts of Ireland's long record of sorrow that she has been invariably betrayed to her enemies, and always by her own sons; the motive may have been sometimes partly sordid, but always personal revenge upon some rival faction, party, or family. The weakness of Ireland has always been the impossibility of union among her sons and the ineradicable propensity to postpone and subordinate all public interests to the gratification of personal revenge upon some rival or opponent. Differences of opinion are not tolerated in Ireland, even among friends, and amount to treason in an enemy; and the Irish in Ireland will have to educate themselves up to the knowledge that this intolerance has been and must ever be their curse, which will follow them until they extirpate it. Until then there can be no domestic peace, no Irish fraternity, no anything but strife and disorder, that are disgraceful and unpardonable.

SCANDALS AND NOVELS.

The New York *World*, defending "sensation in journalism," and especially the publication of scandals, says:

"The extraordinary success of Mr. Bonner's *Ledger* has shown that the one subject of human interest which is universal is that of the relation of the sexes. The love stories in that publication have made it; and all its other indispensable [illegible] are but accessories. It is not that these stories appeal to prurient tastes, for the *Ledger* is a model of purity. It is not that they are well written, for they are not. And it is not that they are fictitious. Is there any reason why [illegible] stories of like same character, better written, and with the great additional attraction of literal reality, should not be written and read as they occur and come to light? None, except the sensibilities of the people concerned. These a public journal is bound to respect, and every decent public journal does respect."

It is not true that newspaper scandals derive their interest from the same source as even the stories published in the *Ledger*. A story that included the details of an act of adultery, seduction, or rape as the essence and object of its plot would be condemned as impure, and would not appear in any respectable publication. There are many respectable and valuable fictions wherein such crimes are narrated. The "Vicar of Wakefield" and "Heart of Mid-lothian" illustrate how sad, and how burdened with sorrow, such stories are, when told by the pen of a humane man of genius, while too many newspaper reports of crimes, and all those published in the flash papers, police gazettes, and thieves' organs, indicate that the reporters' sympathies are really all enlisted on behalf of the so-called "villain" in the tragedy, despite his thin-skinned pretences of morality. The good or bad effect of narrations of crime depend, in great measure, on this very fact whether the narrator's inmost sympathies, which he never succeeds in veiling, were with the crime or against it. If they were with it, the crime, under his pen, in spite of any hypocritical professions to the contrary, is pictured in a way that not only expresses in every line his own instincts, but appeals to the animal passions instead of the moral principles of the reader.

The *World*, however, states an important truth when it says that the passion felt by the young of both sexes for love stories of the order of those in the *Ledger* prove that the "one subject of human interest which is universal is that of the relation of the sexes." Why should it not be? In the life of every young man or woman, no other act,—hardly any series of acts,—he or she may perform, has so critical an influence over the whole life, for or against success in business, in society, in attainment, in self-culture, in happiness, or in the moral and religious life, as the relations he or she sustains to the other sex. For mankind in large masses their grade in civilization grows out of and is caused by the kind of sexual relations they adopt. Indiscriminate commerce allies them with the beasts, and maintains them savages. Polygamy and the harem maintain the slave condition for the women, but still pave the way for the family, and so cause an advance from savagery to barbarism. Monogamy is a development out of barbarism into civilization, for a highly civilized offspring can never be born of slave mothers.

But in the individual case the influence is just as important. Men and women, though still moving among the surroundings of civilization, may relapse, like the Mormons, into barbarism, or, like the vicious and criminal classes, into savagery, according to the relations they assume to each other. The firm adhesion of two plighted souls to each other against the obstacles thrown in their way by difference of fortune, of rank, of character, or intellect, or even virtue, is nature's pre-requisite to marriage. In order that marriage itself shall be profoundly cherished it is necessary that the young shall be thoroughly educated to believe in the sacredness of that love of one man for one woman of which marriage is the result and expression. Where shall they get this education?

Parents, for the most part, have drifted away from the period of the "tender passion," as it is styled, and have forgotten most that they ever knew of its nature. The pulpit treats of sin in the abstract, and of sins and of virtue and virtues in particular, but love, in its proper course, is neither one nor the other, but simply a healthy expansion into life. Here, therefore, is the most critical turn in the life of every young man or woman, but on which neither parents nor pulpit can or do often instruct. We do not expect that the kind of impressions given by novels are often very true, but they at least relate to the vital subject, which accounts for the interest felt in them. In some of these, as in Thackeray's "Pendennis," and several of Dickens' novels, the most humorous descriptions arise out of the tendencies of poor human nature to drift into unhappy alliances. In some cases we are brought face to face with the mischiefs that would have ensued from an ill-judged marriage and the happiness that has resulted from a wiser selection. In others, the "happy pair" are permitted by their "cat-and-dog" [illegible] to furnish the [illegible] reader with some lessons which are more pleasantly, though perhaps less effectually, learned without the experience.

The field of the novel and the romance are both important, and unoccupied by any other means of reaching or educating the heart. The simplest form of the novel,—that in which the obstacles to be overcome by the tried and tempted, but ever-faithful lovers, are distance, physical coercion, dungeon-moats, and castle walls,—illustrate the same principle of unwedded love as the more complex and advanced, wherein no physical obstacle intervenes, the parties have daily access to each other, and are free to love and wed if they will, but are deterred by ideal hindrances, points of pique, pride, honor, by differences of character, or by misunderstandings of facts. With every rapt perusal of such tales of constancy amidst discouragement the reader is involuntarily educated in the capacity and disposition toward constancy, while in the errors either character commits he is interested in proportion as they suggest like possible errors in his own future.

As the churches are challenged to the important work of defending marriage as an institution against all forms of innovation, some care should be exercised in distinguishing between that class of fictitious literature which stands in powerful alliance with it on this point and that which inculcates immorality.

The great fault of American novels is not pruriency, for the average reading taste does not sanction it, but the want of ideas. We have hundreds of so-called novelists who will get up a story on the old feudal-physical thread, that Sir Hugh, parentally fond of his heir, the future Sir Eustace, designs him to marry the beautiful but colorless Lady De Vere; but Sir Eustace (who is not one whit changed if the "Sir" is omitted and he is made to graduate from Harvard instead of Oxford), becomes devoted to the fatherless, penniless, landless, faultless, dauntless Alice, &c., &c. Such rehashes of the stories of which Sir Walter Scott was the original are endless. Every well-educated school-miss can write one of them, and most of them have done so. Out of this slough of lack-a-daisical dish-water two or three honorable attempts have been made to rescue us. Fenimore Cooper attempted it by calling Sir Eustace Leather-stocking and hanging him round with beads and wampum. But Cooper's chivalric Indians are so nearly like Scott's chivalric crusaders, and so little like the thieving, lousy, skulking, scalping Utes and Sioux, that, on the whole, the effect was a failure, although his sea tales are, on the whole, a success. Irving next painted in simple water-colors a few American characters,—Ichabod the Schoolmaster, and his sweetheart and rival, and Rip Van Winkle. But a story whose *denouement* is a pumpkin thrown at the unfortunate lover could only have been deemed worthy of fame in a very primitive stage of the literature it adorned. Hawthorne's creations were ideal and imaginative, and related mainly to the past. They possessed genuine power, but not of the realistic order. They did not daguerreotype modern American society as Thackeray and Trollope have done that of England, or impersonate the eccentricities of American life as Dickens has done those mainly of the vulgar phase of English, or, at least, of London life.

Mrs. Stowe has written one real American story, depicting with pathos, if not with discrimination, the coarsest, most physical, sensational and repulsive phase of American life. It is thrilling as all crime and animalism of the grosser sort are thrilling. Her other stories are a long way above the average of native literature, but Uncle Tom's Cabin remains almost our only really American story, and this in the lowest sphere of thought and passion.

There is abundant room for portraitures of American life that shall far excel as works of imaginative creation anything hitherto attempted. But the artist who would attempt it must combine with original genius a genuine study of American character. He must be as familiar, by actual travel and study, with its various phases as Audubon with the notes of American birds, or Bierstadt with our Western mountains. Whoever shall arise, competent to perform so great and original a work, may write his name as high in American literature as that of Goethe in German or Shakspeare in English. We cannot doubt that American novels will yet be written, and that the trash with which the country has been deluged will be in a measure superseded by something higher, more artistic, more imaginative, and more real.

We stated yesterday that the net earnings of the Illinois and Michigan Canal were not sufficient to pay the interest on the sum already expended by the city of Chicago in deepening the summit level, to say nothing of the repayment of the principal. We have received from the City Comptroller a statement of the amount paid by the city up to the present time on the canal improvement, to-wit, $1,601,757; the interest upon which, at 7 per cent, amounts to $112,122. The average receipts of the canal over and above the cost of repairs are $134,919. Deducting the expenses other than repairs,—$22,000 per annum,—the average net earnings are $112,919. But it is estimated that at least $1,400,000 more will be required to complete the work of deepening the summit level so as to cause a natural flow of water from the lake to the Illinois River,—making the total investment of the city $3,000,000, bearing an annual interest of $210,000. The most prosperous year the canal ever had was the year 1862, when the receipts, over and above the cost of repairs, were only $209,295. It is not impossible that the construction of the dam and lock at Henry may bring enough additional business to the canal to reimburse the city for the interest which it pays on the debt incurred in deepening it. But this is not altogether certain.

The persistent refusal of the elevator men to come to any practical arrangement with the Board of Trade for the registration of warehouse receipts affords strong presumptive evidence that the charges (or suspicions, if that phrase is preferred,) brought against them are true. We understand that their reply is, in substance, that an agreement to the proposed plan of registration (making receipts not negotiable until registered) would be equivalent to acknowledging that they are rascals. This is the answer which a rascal would naturally make when driven into a corner. It is the same as though a bank should refuse to furnish security for its circulating notes, or allow them to be registered, because, forsooth, that would be equivalent to acknowledging that the said bank might, at some time, issue more notes than it could conveniently redeem! To assume that a bank or an elevator, when uncontrolled, can ever issue more paper than it ought to, or has a legal right to, is indeed a most astounding assumption on the part of the Board of Trade, fully authorizing the elevator men to grow red in the face!

The Democratic papers have not found out that both Jay Gould and Mr. Corbin testify that no member of the President's household or administration knew anything whatever of the gold conspiracy. Jim Fisk said to the reporters that he told the committee that a check for $20,000 "went where the woodbine twineth." The committee say that this elegant flight of poetic fancy was not indulged in their presence. But this speech to the reporters is all that is left of the charge that Grant got up the gold conspiracy and afterwards squelched it.

In view of the assured early passage of the Fifteenth Amendment the Republican journals of Missouri which have most earnestly opposed the re-enfranchisement of rebels in that State now favor it. The St. Joseph *Union* and Springfield *Patriot*, which have heretofore been the most bitter opponents of the measure, unite with the St. Louis *Democrat* in its favor. This is well. If suffrage is to be without distinction on account of colors, it should manifestly make no difference what colors the soldier fought under.

Cannot somebody induce the Wall street brokers to get up another conspiracy to force gold up to 200? Prior to their remarkable effort the average price of gold was 133. Since that time it is 121. Two more such explosions of the gold gamblers ought to bring it down to par. Gold is like a race-horse. When people begin to make money by betting on its paces it rises in value. When they get scorched, it falls.

The carriage in which Prince Arthur rode to Central Park is engaged for five weeks ahead by New Yorkers who are anxious to get a rub of royalty.

THE WORLD OF AMUSEMENT.

Scoundrelism,

And its Maudlin Admirers.

The House of Blobbs.

And How it was Burglarized.

Midnight Attack.

Gallant Conduct of the Inmates.

Amusements.

Review of the Week.

CHICAGO, Jan. 29.

To the Editor of The Chicago Tribune:

My attention was attracted a day or two since to a paragraph in one of the city papers stating that a man on trial at the jail had wanted to see Handy Andy, saying that he had an admiration for him.

If I am correctly informed, this man Handy Andy acknowledged in the Recorder's Court, on Friday, that he was a thieving scoundrel.

Ergo, this man had an admiration for a thieving scoundrel.

I must confess that I think a man of this kind is just one degree worse than the scoundrel himself. The difference between them is simply one of courage. This man does not do what the scoundrel did, whether he does not dare to do it.

A thief is a thief,—that's the plain English of it; and you may cover the garment as thick as you please. It don't change them a particle.

If a thief has Handy Andy has good looks and brains, he is to me a worse thief than his companion of the low brow and bullet-head; because he has brains enough to earn an honest living; brains enough to know better; brains enough to influence others as he does; brains enough to make his existence doubly dangerous in the community.

It was only a few days ago that I [illegible] a letter from a lady wanting me to say a good word for the boy Casey, who recently ran a-muck on State street, shooting people *ad libitum*. This lady, who ought to have known better, had conceived a maudlin sympathy for this rascal, because he happened to have a mother!

I suppose the man whom he shot had a mother, also.

I suppose that all the thieves and murderers in this city have mothers. Are we to establish a General Admiration and Sympathy Society, on that account?

If it be any consolation to the lady who wrote me that letter, I will speak a good word for the boy Casey, and say, in his behalf, that I think it would have been better for the world in general, and Casey in particular, if he had been shot down in the street like a dog, instead of being sent to the Penitentiary, with a very fair prospect of pardon before him.

There seems to be a class of very weak, silly people in every community, who conceive a maudlin sympathy for criminals, and to invest their crimes with a romantic coloring, as if they had done some noble deed in preying upon society. I have never heard that these people express any sympathy with honest men struggling to get a living. If the thief or murderer be good-looking, there are always maudlin young women, and stupid, philanthropic old women, who will run after him, send him sweetmeats and confections, beg for his photograph, and interest themselves to get him turned loose upon society again.

This has been true in the case of this thieving scoundrel Handy Andy, who, if he got his deserts, would vegetate during the remainder of his useless existence at Joliet. It is really getting to be questionable whether a poor man who leads an honest life, and labors hard, year in and year out, to provide for himself and his family, is entitled to any sympathy or respect by the side of these fascinating thieves, gentlemanly burglars, and courteous ruffians, who, in [illegible] a lamp-post, would undoubtedly fulfil the mission for which they were created.

I think it would have been well for the jailer to have given that man who came to admire Handy Andy an opportunity to do so. It was cruel to deny him. He should have been placed in the same cell with him and kept there, and they should have been sent to the Penitentiary with him, in order that he might have ample opportunity of admiring his noble and fascinating friend.

Considering the recklessness and audacity with which the thieves, burglars, bullies, and assassins of this city are pursuing their nefarious business, these exhibitions of maudlin sympathy and admiration are getting to be a nuisance. It would be an admirable result of the eternal fitness of things if all these ruffians could be collected, labeled, tarred and feathered, then enclosed in a pen somewhere with their admirers, so that honest people could have a chance.

I am free to say I have neither reluctance nor regret at bidding good-bye to the fascinating and intellectual Handy Andy. If I shall hear of the demise of this gentlemanly, sweet, and polished ruffian during his incarceration at Joliet, I shall shed no tears, but bow in meek submission to the blow. He himself is a curse to the safety, and his admirers an insult to the moral common sense of the community.

But all this has nothing to do with the burglars who made an attack upon the house of Old Blobbs the other night. The old gentleman had been reading the accounts of burglaries and thieving expeditions in the daily press for some time past, and had wrought himself up to a fearful pitch. The whole family, indeed, was in a state of [illegible]. It was not calmed at all by the fact that Fitz-Herbert, who had been out late one night to see a man, the sight of whom afflicted him with a sudden indisposition, as John Dillon would say, came home with a distorted countenance and a frightful story of his encounter with a garroter. Mignon and Aurelia never slept a wink for several nights, shivering with fear every time the wind rattled a shutter. Celeste was in constant perturbation, notwithstanding the assurances of the manly Boosey that he was there to protect her, and ready to spill the last drop of his blood in her defence; for she felt in her heart of hearts that when it came to the testing point he might stop over, but he would never spill. Mrs. Blobbs, on several occasions, lost her equanimity, and, rising in the night, stalked about the house in her *robe de nuit* like a ghost, in search of some noise which she always heard but never found. Even the Wonderful Baby shared the general alarm; tossed about uneasily in her sleep, and on several occasions awoke screaming from dreams of fearful cats clawing her and [illegible]-looking men attempting to carry her off. Old Blobbs annoyed Mrs. Blobbs by persisting in sleeping with his head under the bedclothes. Old Blobbs requires a great deal of fresh air to sleep successfully. The result of his unusual deprivation of oxygen manifested itself in snoring, which inevitably recalled the great bass aria in "The Messiah," "The trumpet shall sound," and in almost incessant kicking and rolling over, which invariably deprived Mrs. Blobbs of her fair quota of bedclothes, and eventually gave that estimable woman a severe catarrh in her estimable nose.

This state of things could not last forever; so a general meeting of the family was called one evening in the front parlor, for the purpose of devising offensive and defensive measures for protection against any burglarious visitation. Old Blobbs took the chair, stated the objects of the meeting, and then invited free and universal discussion. All the family had plans to propose except Fitz-Herbert, who rarely has any ideas upon any subject, and, therefore, generously resolved to be governed by the will of the rest.

I need not give you the details of the discussion. It is sufficient that it was unanimously resolved that the house of Blobbs was in danger; that some precautions must be taken (Fitz-Herbert's only proposition—to increase the insurance on the house and accidentally set it on fire—by the way, was voted down); and that each member should arm himself and herself for the emergency and rally for the common rescue. Then and there Old Blobbs chose a prodigious blunderbuss, which had come down to him from a former generation. Mrs. Blobbs selected for her weapon her snuff-box. Aurelia proved her title to the domesticity with which I have always invested her by choosing a broom for her defence, and also solemnly agreed upon the instant of alarm to administer a dose of senna to the Wonderful Baby, which always makes the Wonderful Baby scream in a frightful manner. Celeste, who always keeps a kettle of boiling water on the stove, as Boosey is addicted to getting up in the night and taking something warm, contented herself with the kettle for a weapon. Boosey himself, who is nothing if not warlike, declared himself in favor of a rolling pin for his dexter and a poker for his sinister hand. Our little Mignon armed herself for the fray with her button-hole scissors, being evidently determined to bring the enemy to close combat. Fitz-Herbert thought he had better go and sleep at the hotel for a few nights, but his proposition was received with indignant murmurs. His plea that he thought it his duty to go and visit a sick aunt in Kankakee met with no more favor than his first evasion. He, therefore, chose his wash-pitcher for his weapon.

The whole family now was armed to the teeth, and ready to die in defence of the roof-tree of Blobbs.

I think it was on the second night after this meeting, at fifteen minutes after 2 in the morning, that Old Blobbs punched Mrs. Blobbs in the ribs with his elbow, and said:

"Shoo!"

Whereupon Mrs. Blobbs shoo'd.

It was an ordinarily dark night. A large star [illegible] in the west. The wind moaned fitfully through the branches of the trees. A ghost was wandering about the old City Cemetery, in search of his bones, which had been moved up to Rosehill, without his consent or knowledge. At the corner of Fourteenth street and Michigan avenue a tired traveller was embracing a lamp-post. A yellow dog on Milwaukee avenue was baying at the moon. A policeman was sleeping on Robey street; and in front of a palatial mansion on Archer avenue, Tristan was making love to [illegible] at the front gate. Otherwise, the city was quiet.

In fact, the silence was ominous. Silence always is ominous, I believe.

At sixteen minutes after 2 Blobbs uttered again that mysterious monosyllable:

"Shoo!"

And Mrs. Blobbs, like a dutiful wife, shooed again.

Then both shooed.

There was a noise. The noise was in the basement. The noise was not the kind of noise which [illegible] been heard in the house of Blobbs at sixteen minutes after 2 in the morning. It was a mysterious under noise, and only resembled a noise as [illegible] the mist resembles the rain. It was a [illegible] noise, and, to Blobbs' mind, at least, just the noise which a property-instructed burglar ought to make.

Thereupon Blobbs arose and waked the Blobbses, and Mrs. Blobbs arose and waked her snuff-box. Old Blobbs quietly went up stairs and aroused the sleepers, and Mignon, with her button-hole scissors tightly clutched in her wee hand, and Celeste, with her kettle of hot water, and Boosey, with his rolling-pin and poker, and Aurelia, with her broom, and Fitz Herbert, with his wash-pitcher, came quietly down, and all assembled in the parlor.

Then Blobbs said again:

"Shoo!"

Whereupon they all shoo'd and all heard the mysterious noise in the basement below. It was then resolved to form a procession and [illegible] quietly into the kitchen, and at a given signal from Old Blobbs they should make a concerted rush upon the interloper and [illegible] him, not even giving him time to say his prayers. The procession was formed, Old Blobbs valiantly leading the little army with his trusty blunderbuss in hand, Fitz Herbert being left to bring up the rear.

It seemed ages to that valiant army, but it was only a few seconds that had elapsed when they reached the kitchen. There was not light enough to see with any distinctness. Nevertheless it was apparent that the burglar was there, for a form could be seen dimly moving in a distant corner. It was too dark to divine that there was anything but motion there. They had evidently met the enemy, and every second was precious.

Blobbs summoned up all his courage, and said, in a ghastly whisper:

"Fire."

And they did fire, and such an effect as followed has hardly been realized since the confusion which ensued at that little affair at Babel. There was a terrific noise—a noise of smashing and crashing, and splitting and tearing, and there were groans and shrieks. Aurelia had presence enough of mind to light the gas, and then [illegible] appear that Old Blobbs, in his excitement, had shot his blunderbuss at the ceiling and brought down several square yards of the kitchen plastering.

That Mrs. Blobbs, with the best intentions in the world of blinding the burglar, had thrown the entire contents of the snuff-box in Old Blobbs' face, causing the worthy old gentleman to [illegible] his eyes and sneeze and groan in a terrific manner.

That Aurelia, with one determined whisk of her broom, had swept against Mrs. Blobbs' head, causing her to fall into the clothes-basket.

That Celeste had given Boosey the contents of the kettle of hot water in front.

And that Mignon, making one Amazonian lunge with her button-hole scissors, had transfixed Boosey in the rear.

That Boosey, confused at this joint attack, had flung the rolling-pin and poker quite regardless of consequences, the one into the china closet, to the widespread detriment of the crockery, and the other through the looking glass.

I regret to say Fitz Herbert did not appear upon the scene.

The burglar, in the meantime, was unharmed. The ferocious villain stood there in his corner with glaring eyes and his back up, miauwing and spitting vigorously, and waving his tail in a significant manner.

The little army only looked at Thomas once, and then, with an expression of face I cannot describe, they left the field to his possession and regained their rooms.

It is not at all to Fitz-Herbert's credit that he was found quietly sleeping under the piano, with his head affectionately resting upon his wash-pitcher.

The Wonderful Baby was sitting bolt upright in bed, vigorously demanding the presence of her mamma, who, by-the-bye, in her excitement, forgot her promise to administer the senna.

That same night Mrs. Blobbs said to Mr. Blobbs, in her quiet but terrible manner: "Mr. Blobbs, how many times have I told you that if you persisted in eating hot mince pie for supper you would rue the consequences? Are you satisfied now?"

"I am satisfied, my dear Mrs. Blobbs, that you are at least up to snuff;" and the afflicted old man sneezed for the twenty-third time, then rolled over and went to sleep.

It took Boosey several days to recover, and he cannot even now see Mignon using button-hole scissors without an involuntary shudder.

But, soft! Now to amusements. At the Opera House this week we are to have "The Seven Sisters," with the following cast: *Cuffee*, Emersen (introducing his specialities); *Pluto*, J. G. Burnett; *Mrs. Pluto*, Bradley; *Saul*, Jennings; *Tartarine*, Miss Josie Booth; *Diavolina*, Miss Sadie Clear; *Brunner*, Barret; *Corn-cob*, Everham; *Rutger*, Rosco. "The Seven Sisters" will run for a week. "*Der Freischutz*" will be given the first three nights of next week and the Lydia Thompson blondes will have the house for the two following weeks. The Florences commence their engagement on Monday evening at McVicker's, appearing in the "Colleen Bawn" and "Yankee Housekeeper." At the Museum, "Surf" will be given for the Monday and Wednesday matinees, and "East Lynne" on Monday evening. Harry Linden has selected Wednesday evening for his benefit, and will bring out "The Hidden Hand." On Thursday evening the comedy "Through Fire and Water" will be brought out for the first time in this country. The Minstrels, at the Dearborn, offer a splendid bill for the week, and have also secured the great delineator, Ben Cotton. "Dr. Cure-all" is their *piece de resistance*, which will be given with the following cast: *Dr. Cure-all*, Bob Hart; *Jim Bounce*, Billy Manning; *Bill Jones*, Ben Cotton; *Toby Rim*, M. Kanane; *Alice Smart*, Tommy Sully; *Mrs. McDuffin*, Myron Lewis; *Peter Gatesby*, J. J. Kelly.

Everybody will be glad to know that Kate Field is coming, for she is a bright, pleasant little lady, who eschews all discussions of "woman's rights," and will talk to us in a sprightly way about her experience "Among the Adirondacks." She has met with flattering success elsewhere, especially in New York and Boston; and the Boston *Transcript*, in commenting on her lecture, says: "Her answers to the common objections to the appearance of women as lecturers; her rapid and brilliant view of the professions they already pursue for a livelihood; her glance at them as singers, actresses, and authors; her wealth of artistic and literary anecdote and allusions brought to the illustration of her several topics; [illegible]

[illegible] good opera will do well to procure their seats at once.

Florence Ziegfeld, the well-known teacher and musician, is going to treat our rural friends at Evanston to a concert, on Tuesday evening, and we can assure them it will be a good concert beforehand. He will be assisted on this occasion by Miss V. De Peigrom (soprano), Mr. Bischoff (tenor), Mr. Cox (baritone), Mr. Belosa (violin), and Mr. Schroeder (cello); also by the Misses Conley, Roberts, Reese, Peters, and Wheeler, his pupils.

I have gathered, this week, considerable interesting news from the world of amusement abroad, which, as the letter-writers say, I hasten to give you: Maretzek's second New York operatic season commences February 1.... A young sister of Miss Adelaide Phillips, now studying in London, under the direction of Signor Garcia, promises to attain great eminence in the lyric world. She will return to this country in about a year, and will appear in public soon afterwards.... The Boston Handel and Haydn Society is studying Bach's Passion music.... English newspapers speak of Mrs. Jean Davenport Lander as an American *tragedienne*. She is an English lady, and of a celebrated English theatrical family.... Miss Edith Abell has been offered a position in the Pareva-Rosa troupe. [illegible]

A Matter that Concerns The Chicago Tribune and Some Other Points.

From the Litchfield (Ill.) Monitor.

[illegible]

A New Comedy of Errors.

[illegible]

How to Eat.

From a Tract Published by the Ladies' Sanitary Association, London.

[illegible]

NEW YORK.

The Weather and the Prince.

The Delmonico Assemblies.

Cheap Toilettes.

A Musical Party.

The Vulgarity of Chicago.

[FROM A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

NEW YORK, Jan. 27.

[illegible]

The Cook County Board of Supervisors.

To the Editor of The Chicago Tribune:

[illegible]

TEMPERANCE.

The Movement to Close the Saloons on the Sabbath Day.

A Grand Mass Meeting to be Held on February 22.

A meeting was held last evening in the office of the *Prohibitionist*, No. 166 Madison street, to take measures for the enforcement of prohibitory laws in this city. Mr. Thomas Moody called the meeting to order. Mr. E. J. Bartlett was elected Chairman. Mr. Moody acted as Secretary.

[illegible]

STRANGE DELUSION IN MASSACHUSETTS.

Excitement Respecting the Alleged Premature Burial of a Young Lady.

Danvers Correspondence of the Boston Journal.

[illegible]

FANCIES AND FASHIONS.

One of Woman's Peculiarities.

Dress Materials.

Styles.

Ornamentation.

It is a noticeable fact that men who meet as strangers in a place of business, or in the casual juxtaposition of travel, will pass the time of day, strike up an impromptu conversation on the merits and demerits of the weather, [illegible]

[illegible]

A PLEA FOR THE PILLORY.

To the Editor of The Chicago Tribune:

[illegible]

THE CHICAGO POLICE FORCE.

To the Editor of The Chicago Tribune:

[illegible]

LONDON.

An Englishman's Impressions of the United States.

The First Questions.

American Hotels and American Railway Travel.

Americans at Home and Abroad.

The Feeling Toward England.

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE.]

LONDON, Jan. 13.

[illegible]

THE CITY IN BRIEF.

[illegible]

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FANCIES AND FASHIONS.

One of Woman's Peculiarities.

Dress Materials.

Styles.

Ornamentation.

It is a [illegible] fact that men who meet as strangers in a place of business, or in the casual intercourse of travel, will pass the time of day, strike up an impromptu conversation on the [illegible] and demerits of the weather, discuss politics, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

[illegible]

FUR APPAREL. [illegible]

BOOTS AND SHOES. [illegible]

FANS, GLOVES. [illegible]

MARIE ANTOINETTE. [illegible]

HAIR DRESSING. [illegible]

IN PARIS. [illegible]

A PROMENADE SUIT. [illegible]

THE PARTY DRESS. [illegible]

AMERICAN MODES, [illegible]. [illegible]

A PLEA FOR THE PILLORY.

To the Editor of The Chicago Tribune:

Some time last summer I sent you a communication, which subsequently appeared in the columns under the title of "A Plea for the Whipping Post." The present condition of the city seems to offer a favorable opportunity to bring the subject before the public [illegible].

[illegible]

CHICAGO, Jan. 29, 1870.

THE UNIFORM POLICE FORCE.

To the Editor of The Chicago Tribune:

[illegible]

LONDON.

An Englishman's Impressions of the United States.

The First Questions.

American Hotels and American Railway Travel.

Americans at Home and Abroad.

The Feeling Toward England.

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE.]

LONDON, Jan. 12.

"What did you think of America?" "How did you like the Americans?" These questions are among the first put to any Englishman after returning home from a trip to the United States. [illegible]

RAILWAY TRAVELLING IN THE STATES.

If asked to name one thing in which the Americans excel the people of other countries, I should not hesitate. I replied in the comfort of their railway carriages. [illegible]

THE QUESTIONS ASKED OF TRAVELLERS.

[illegible]

AMERICAN FEELING TOWARDS ENGLAND.

[illegible]

THE NEW YORK CUSTOM HOUSE.

I have seen many Custom Houses, and have frequently suffered annoyance at the hands of Custom House officers [illegible].

AMERICAN HOTELS.

The first American hotel I entered was the Fifth Avenue at New York. [illegible]

AMERICAN MEN AND WOMEN.

It is impossible for an Englishman to be many hours in the United States without discovering that many of the stories told about the manners and appearance of American men and women are the inventions of a disordered fancy, or the products of an undue attention to what are simply exceptions. [illegible]

THE CITY IN BRIEF.

THE DETROIT POST having learned of the recent outburst of lawlessness in this city, comments thereupon as follows: "This intelligence betokens no good for Detroit. They have a way of reaching scoundrels in Chicago not yet perfectly understood here: The ruffians there understand the fact, and have a scriptural way of meeting it. When persecuted in one city they flee to another. Now, just let the Chicago cut-throats understand that there is a terrible indignation in Detroit at the present time. The Chicago indignation is a mere tea-pot tempest in comparison. If they all come here, a vigilance committee will surely be formed. [illegible]"

[illegible]

BILLIARDS.

Coon's Challenge to the Chicago Billiard Experts, and What it Amounts to.

Other Billiard News.

Some weeks ago John W. Coon, formerly a resident of Chicago, but latterly calling himself a citizen of Omaha, issued a challenge to play any man in the Northwest a game of billiards, French carome, for $250 a side, the game to be played either in Omaha or Chicago, at the option of the party accepting the challenge, and, if played in Omaha, Coon to pay the expenses of his antagonist's journey. This was at once accepted by Tom Foley, who proposed to produce a player who should contend against Coon [illegible].

[illegible]

THE STATE CHAMPIONSHIP.

The forthcoming match for the State championship, between Parker and Snyder, has been postponed four weeks, by mutual consent, in consequence of the former's engagement to play Kieser.

[illegible]

HOTEL PERSONALS.

SHERMAN HOUSE.

Among the arrivals at the Sherman House yesterday were the following: J. W. Florence and wife, Ole Bull and son, Miss Safford, Mr. McDonald, M. Hoffman, New York; Wm. J. King, Buffalo; F. H. Kelly, St. Paul; D. Waiting, New York; C. C. Cole, Boston; F. L. Bodine, Philadelphia; Rodney Dennis, Hartford.

BRIGGS HOUSE.

Among the arrivals at the Briggs House yesterday were the following: C. K. Potter, Troy; [illegible]

TREMONT HOUSE.

Among the arrivals at the Tremont House yesterday were the following: [illegible]

ST. JAMES HOTEL.

Among the arrivals at the St. James Hotel yesterday were the following: [illegible]

FAST TYPE-SETTING.

The following remarkable feat was accomplished in the *Evening Post* office by a young compositor named Andrew J. McCarthy. [illegible]

METEOROLOGICAL.

[illegible]

RELIGIOUS.

Bishop Duggan Hopelessly Insane—The New Bishop of Chicago.

The Bethel Mission Breakfasts and Lectures to the Poor Outcasts.

A Loud Call for a Chicago Pulpit Orator—Church Concert Lecture.

Church Services To-Day.

BISHOP DUGGAN.

Some daily papers have disgraced themselves, says the *Western Catholic* of the 29th inst., by originating and publishing a false rumor to the effect that Bishop Duggan, of Chicago, was not insane, but was imprisoned in an ecclesiastical bastile at St. Louis by his great superiors [illegible].

BISHOP FOLEY.

[illegible]

BETHEL SUNDAY BREAKFASTS.

[illegible]

ALL-DAY PRAYER MEETING.

[illegible]

CHURCH CONCERT.

[illegible]

LECTURE.

[illegible]

A LOUD CALL. [illegible]

[illegible]

BAPTIST.

[illegible]

METHODIST.

[illegible]

CONGREGATIONAL.

[illegible]

UNITARIAN AND UNIVERSALIST.

Rev. Dr. Ryder, pastor of St. Paul's Church [illegible]

THE POLICE COURTS.

A Proprietor of a Thieves' Den Pulled and Fined.

The Marriage of a Darkey to a White Woman.

South Side Court.

"SHANG" NOYES PULLED AND FINED.

[illegible]

MORNING LED BY LIGHT.

[illegible]

A NEIGHBORLY QUARREL.

[illegible]

A GAY CROWD.

[illegible]

West Side Court.

WILD VAGRANTS.

[illegible]

A LITTLE TEA PARTY DISTURBED.

[illegible]

COMMERCE OF CHICAGO.

Twelfth Annual Report to the Board of Trade.

The Produce Movement—Official Statistics.

The twelfth annual report of the trade and commerce of the city of Chicago, as compiled for the Board of Trade of this city, is just published. [illegible]

RECEIPTS OF BREADSTUFFS.

[illegible]

LIVE STOCK SALES.

[illegible]

FLOUR, WHEAT, AND CORN.

[illegible]

Shipped by	Flour, barrels	Wheat, bushels	Corn, bushels
Lake—			
To Buffalo	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
To Oswego	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
To Ogdensburgh	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
To Port Huron	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
To other American ports	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
To Port Colborne	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
To Kingston	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
To Montreal	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
To other Canadian ports	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Total by lake	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Illinois & Mich. Canal	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Chi. & North'n R. R.	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Illinois Central R. R.	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Chi., R. I. & P. R. R.	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Chi., B. & Q. R. R.	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Chicago & Alton R. R.	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Michigan Cent. R. R.	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Lake Sh. & M. S. R. R.	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
P., Ft. W. & C. R. R.	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
P., Chi. & St. L. R. R.	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Total shipments	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Manufactured in city mills	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
In store Dec. 31, 1869	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
City consumption and unaccounted for	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

DIRECT FOREIGN TRADE.

[illegible]

BONDED GOODS RECEIVED.

[illegible]

FORTHCOMING LECTURES.

Anna Dickinson, Olive Logan, Gough, and Kate Field.

[illegible]

REAL ESTATE.

[illegible]

COMMERCIAL.

SATURDAY EVENING, Jan. 29.

The following table shows the receipts and shipments of produce at this point during the past twenty-four hours: [illegible]

[illegible]

MONETARY AND COMMERCIAL.

MONETARY.

SATURDAY EVENING, Jan. 29.

The following is our usual summary of the statements of the National Banks of Chicago, showing, in this instance, their reported condition at the close of business on the 22d day of January:

SUMMARY OF THE STATEMENTS OF THE NATIONAL BANKS OF CHICAGO, SHOWING THEIR CONDITION ON THE 22D DAY OF JANUARY, 1870.

[illegible]

[illegible]

CHICAGO LIVE STOCK MARKET.

[illegible]

MARKETS BY TELEGRAPH.

New York Dry Goods Market.

[illegible]

Foreign Markets.

[illegible]

COBB'S SELECT LIBRARY.

ALL NEW BOOKS

ADDED

As Soon as Published

TO

COBB'S

SELECT LIBRARY,

29 Washington-st.

MEDICAL CARDS.

Dr. Bigelow.

[illegible]

Private Matters.

[illegible]

Your Destiny.

[illegible]

SCALES.

FAIRBANKS' STANDARD SCALES,

[illegible]

RAILROADS.

Arrival and Departure of Trains!

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

[illegible]

MODERN IMPUDENCE.

Reflections on the Manners of Some People as Developed on the Street Cars.

Have Gentlemen any Rights which Rowdies are Bound to Respect?

A Few Incidents—Mad as a Hornet—The Story of a Jag.

[illegible]

Chicago versus Boston.

From the Chicago Bureau.

[illegible]

The Prince's Message to a Troy Reporter.

From the Troy Press.

Our enterprising reporter determined to interview [illegible] boldly jumped upon the steps of the car, which he met one of the attendants. The following conversation ensued:

Attendant. What do you want 'ere?

Reporter. I represent the *Daily Press* and would like to see Prince Arthur.

Attendant. Well, you can't see 'im, 'e's busy.

Reporter. I guess not. He don't appear to be very busy.

Here the Prince, having been attracted to a position not far from the door, by the dialogue, called out in a bluff voice:

"What's the matter out there?"

Attendant. A newspaper reporter wants to see you.

Prince Arthur. Tell him to go to 'ell. He can't see me.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

All the druggists in the First Ward are now selling Story's Anti-Bilious Cathartic Candy. There is a dose of pills in every stick. Splendid. Children will eat it, and cry for more.

Cutaneous diseases cured by using Juniper Tar Soap, made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York.

MARRIED.

LAMB—WINN—In this city, January 27, by Rev. C. [illegible]

PAUL—HIRSCH—On Saturday, January [illegible], by the Rev. [illegible]

New Orleans papers please copy.

DIED.

GREENBURG—On Saturday, at 10 p. m., at his residence, [illegible] South Canal street, Chicago, [illegible]

[illegible]

LOST AND FOUND.

LOST—A SMALL SCOTCH TERRIER, SLUT [illegible]

[illegible]

SEWING MACHINES.

[illegible]

CITY REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—SOUTH SIDE—IMPROVED.

[illegible]

FOR SALE—BY HUBBARD & JACKSON, REAL Estate Agents, 121 Dearborn-st. [illegible]

HUBBARD & JACKSON, 121 Dearborn-st.

[illegible]

SUBURBAN REAL ESTATE FOR SALE

[illegible]

COUNTRY REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.

[illegible]

REAL ESTATE WANTED.

[illegible]

FOR SALE.

[illegible]

TO RENT—HOUSES.

[illegible]

TO RENT—STORES AND OFFICES.

[illegible]

WANTED—TO RENT.

[illegible]

MACHINERY.

[illegible]

TO RENT—ROOMS.

[illegible]

BUSINESS CHANCES.

[illegible]

CLAIRVOYANTS.

[illegible]

BOARDING AND LODGING.

[illegible]

BOARD WANTED.

[illegible]

INSTRUCTION.

[illegible]

HELP WANTED—MALES.

[illegible]

HELP WANTED—FEMALES.

[illegible]

MISCELLANEOUS.

[illegible]

FINANCIAL.

[illegible]

HORSES AND CARRIAGES.

[illegible]

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

[illegible]

SITUATIONS WANTED.

[illegible]

AGENTS WANTED.

[illegible]

WANTED—TO EXCHANGE.

[illegible]

PARTNERS WANTED.

[illegible]

PERSONAL.

[illegible]

REMINISCENCES OF TRAVEL.

A Chicago Girl in Venice.

On the Canal.

Music in the Cafes.

Italian Beggars.

Written for The Chicago Tribune.

On my return, the beautiful spectacle of an Italian [illegible] made our twenty minutes' row pass like an instant. I had secured a seat at the *table d'hote* next to my naval friend, and the easy code of Italian philosophy, together with his peculiar ideas on many subjects, and witty, though not profound, reasoning, often make me smile as I recall them. The first thing that strikes an Englishman, but more especially an American, is the seriousness with which all continentals, but more especially the Italians, treat the most trivial subjects, and the levity with which they approach a grave one. This, perhaps, more than any other attribute, excites the mingled dislike and compassion of John Bull for everything on the continent, forgetting in his prejudices that frivolity among French or Italians is not always a proof of imbecility, and that the same man who can dissect the [illegible] of a lady's dress can pick holes in a treaty or sum up the weak points of a constitution.

Among the guests at table was a Chicago family, and one of the daughters, a very pretty girl, occupied a seat opposite to me. With that want of reserve and stiffness which characterizes Swiss and Italian *tables d'hote*, we soon entered into conversation. She was not more than ordinarily cursed with the accomplishments of a polite education, so that after a little preliminary canter about the different schools of painting and architecture, a few raptures about Canova's tomb, and a tear to Byron's memory, she settled down to talk sense, and showed that the thin coat of outward pretension covered a genuine nature and some real qualities. She showed, too, an attachment to home which neither the blandishments of Paris nor the charms of Paris had been able to eradicate. When, after dinner, I gave her a Chicago paper of recent date, she thanked me warmly for it. When the murder on the second page met her eye she seemed moved; and when turning the sheet disclosed the fact of a Methodist minister eloping with a young girl of 15, her gratitude knew no bounds, and pressing my hand warmly she retired to enjoy the varied emotions aroused by such stirring topics. Her father, I forgot to state, was immensely rich, owning any amount of corner lots and a flourishing business of pork and groceries; but either he had not been long enough abroad to show the advantages and refining influence of foreign travel, or else was unable to appreciate them. His manner and mind showed alike little cultivation, but, taken altogether, he was no bad specimen of the "aristocracy of the middle classes," from which, and bad crops, "Good Lord deliver us." Since the war the Americans have certainly collectively acquired an immense importance in European estimation, but the mass of shoddyites, petroleumites, and kings and princes of various staple commodities have procured for us no enviable reputation abroad—except in Paris, where a respectable English colony existed before the war. In the other European capitals, though respected as a nation, we are individually below par, and really good society in Rome, London, or Vienna, is a sealed book to the American travelling abroad, who is too apt, therefore, to form his judgment of foreign society from the persons he casually meets, and to condemn in sweeping terms an aristocracy he never came in contact with. It is true some American with almost unlimited means can occasionally, by expending vast sums, secure the [illegible] at his receptions, but the women "cut" the newcomers without compunction, and their fathers and brothers accept the "nouveau riches" hospitality but to turn him and it into ridicule, and make merry with the expansiveness of a generous snob. It is hard to say in such a case who are the most contemptible, the Italian Duke or the French Marquis, who thus belies his breeding, or the foolish vanity which can make an American submit to such treatment, and imagine that titled surroundings can obliterate native vulgarity.

After dinner, my young naval friend and myself entered a gondola, and, laying down on the soft cushions, abandoned ourselves to the charms of idleness and a cigar. I know no city where the post-prandial hour brings such an agreeable sense of repose and contentment as in Venice. Agreeable sights and sounds, and the absence of the jar and din accompanying the busy whirl of most large cities, together with the sight of running water, all tend to the maintaining of an excellent digestion. I recommend it as a residence for dyspeptics.

Floating down the canal, the gondoliers impelling the boat quietly, with an occasional turn of the oar, we looked lazily on the old palaces teeming with memories of the past. Now we glide past the Pesaro, the house of the Barbarigos, with the three hundred stone heads ornamenting its facade, no two alike; then the Palazzo of the Foscari; and now again the balcony where Othello, the great miscegenator, anticipated coming improvements. On past these, to the Rialto, and then to the steps at the Riva, where we alighted, and strolled to the Piazza. The whole population seemed to be out enjoying the cool of the evening and the music of a military band—poor performers, it is true, not to be compared to the Austrian; but then the Italians would never walk on the Piazza when *they* played, so the only audience were their own white-coated officers, who lounged in front of the cafes, listening to their countrymen's excellent rendering of Donizetti and Strauss. We sat down before the Cafe Florian and ordered ices. These were excellent and cheap, I believe five soldi. Young Italy makes a frightful consumption of them in warm weather, which, as it lasts pretty much the year through, must enable Monsieur Florian, if there be such a person in existence, to do a very flourishing business. Groups of musicians, too, went from cafe to cafe and sang selections from operas, accompanying themselves on guitar, harp, and violin—the instrumental performance good, the voices full, rich, and with that roundness of tone we never find out of Italy. The sextette from Lucia, trio from Robert, and even the quartette from Rigoletto, were performed in a way that would insure the success of amateurs in any country but Italy. Indeed there is no country where you are less pestered by volunteers in the musical line, which I can only account for by the fact of their knowing so much about music that they would resent the infliction English and Americans must pretend to be happy in submitting to. Of the three things Balzac feared and detested above all others, native wines, pot-luck dinners, and amateur concerts, he justly condemned the latter as the worst punishment; for if the other two are bad, the host will be satisfied with a moderate degree of praise, but anything short of actual enthusiasm in the third case would be downright rudeness. The wandering minstrels having concluded their performance, received a shower of coppers and applause, the former being put in a tin-plate that was carried from table to table by a pretty and modest looking young girl (the soprano) tastefully dressed. These Italian concert girls are never of dubious character as is so often the case with us. If they were so their presence would not be tolerated for a single moment, and the reason is that with us only men frequent such places, while in Germany, France and Italy the wife and little ones participate in the pleasure of the *paterfamilias*, and their presence banishes excess. I never saw a case of intoxication in Italy; it is too coarse a vice for a refined and imaginative people.

The only breaks upon our enjoyments were the crowds of beggars who swarmed on every side, and are the plague-spot of Italy. The most disgusting sights met us on every side, evidences of the most loathsome diseases were exhibited to incite our compassion, and in every instance gratuities given to one seemed to encourage others to prosecution. Indeed, so far was this carried that groups of beggars separated so that alms given to one might not be supposed to include the whole; the blind man left his guide, and each demanded in turn a several contribution. Crowds of little boys, playing marbles until our arrival, fled and came each in turn to claim, with a stereotyped whine, his share of the general spoils. "I am dying of hunger; for the sake of the blessed Virgin, half a soldi, half a soldi! as I die, noble stranger!" Satisfied, they coolly resumed their play in our presence, repeating their performance as soon as a new arrival of strangers furnished the wished for opportunity. Italy is *par excellence* a land of beggars. They are tolerated and encouraged as if a sacred class. No stern summons to "move on" interrupts them; no workhouse or bridewell looms before them; no act for the suppression of vagrancy. The Bench has no terrors for them. For them, strangers, whom they consider as their especial prey, pour over the Alps and Simmering every year. For them, P. & O. steamers bring wealthy "mafiery," who will rather pay than be annoyed; and for them, if other resources fail, monasteries and religious institutions furnish a meal that the industrious can't always obtain. The natives also encourage them. Whether they think that in levying black-mail on strangers, they bring money into the country, I do not know; but I never saw an Italian, not even the poorest, refuse alms to a beggar; and, *apropos* of this numerous and pestilent class, I remember a story, universally told and credited in Naples, which confirms much that I have obtained from personal observation.

An Englishman,—history sayeth not whether rich or poor, noble or commoner,—was, once upon a time, bringing insular prejudices to bear on Italian light wines and sunny skies. In other words, he was passing the winter at Naples. He had seen *Napoli*, aye, and *Neri* too; and had found the sentiment as poor as the pun. He had been up Vesuvius, and, like our Charles Goldstream, saw nothing in it. Having gone through the usual routine of sightseeing, which your Englishman or American goes through with the same regularity and often the same feeling (if they would but own it) that an old circus horse tends around the ring when he hears the band play, he had settled down to bore himself *à l'anglaise*, and by drinking English wines, smoking imported cigars, reading English novels and newspapers, he was rapidly coming to despise the people (of whom he saw nothing) and the country and government, both of which he was equally well informed about. Pining for the clear sky and atmosphere of London, he kept up his drooping spirits by walking every day, after sunset, on the Chiaja, where he acknowledged the profound bow of his hotel-keeper, cut for the evening, by a contemptuous nod. One evening, taking his usual ramble, he was attracted by a wizened old man dressed in the meanest rags, who extended his hand with such a supplicating whine that our Englishman, unable to resist the appeal, placed a *Carlino*, in the poor old wretch's grimy palm. Each evening, as he walked on the Chiaja, the same wearied face, the same whine, and the same [illegible]

[illegible]

HELP WANTED—MALES.

WANTED—YOUNG MEN OR BOYS TO SELL ... in the city. Apply on Monday, at ...

WANTED—COPYIST, &c. MUST BE A CLEAR ... writer. Apply evening work. Address ...

WANTED—AN EXPERIENCED MALE NURSE ...

WANTED—A BRIGHT, INTELLIGENT LAD ...

WANTED—FIVE GARDENERS WITH THEIR ...

WANTED—A MAN AND WIFE FOR A ...

WANTED—EVERYBODY WITHOUT HOMES ...

WANTED—A SMART, ENERGETIC TRAVEL- ...

WANTED—A GOOD EXPERIENCED SALES- ...

WANTED—AN ACTIVE YOUNG MAN, FULLY ...

WANTED—COPYIST AND OFFICE CLERKS ...

WANTED—AN ACTIVE OFFICE BOY ABOUT ...

WANTED—CANVASSERS FOR BENSON J. LOSSING'S ...

WANTED—THREE SALESMEN FOR THE ...

WANTED—TWO SALESMEN OF GOOD AD- ...

WANTED—GOOD CANVASSERS TO TAKE ...

WANTED—TWO EXPERIENCED AND ABLE- ...

WANTED—A FEW GOOD CANVASSERS ...

Trades.

WANTED—TO BOOK BINDERS—A FIRST-...

WANTED—A GOOD MAN TO WORK ON ...

WANTED—AN EXPERIENCED AND THOR- ...

WANTED—IMMEDIATELY, A GOOD ARCHI- ...

WANTED—AN EXPERIENCED GLASS-WARE ...

WANTED—SHOEMAKERS, WITH ONE OR ... O. McDONNELL.

Coachmen, &c.

WANTED—COACHMAN—AN EXPERIENCED ...

HELP WANTED—FEMALES.

Miscellaneous.

WANTED—GIRLS—GIRLS—50 GIRLS FOR ...

WANTED—AT THE LADIES' HELP EX- ...

Seamstresses, &c.

WANTED—AT 235 INDIANA-ST., TWO OR ...

WANTED—A GOOD DRESSMAKER TO GO TO ...

WANTED—SEWING GIRL, ONE THAT CAN ...

Domestics.

WANTED—AT 22 THROOP-ST., A GIRL TO ...

WANTED—A GIRL TO DO GENERAL HOUSE- ...

WANTED—A GIRL WHO THOROUGHLY UN- ...

WANTED—A GOOD FAITHFUL WOMAN TO ...

WANTED—AT 90 OHIO-ST., A GOOD GIRL ...

WANTED—AT ORIENT HOUSE, 88 STATE- ...

WANTED—A GOOD GIRL COMPETENT TO ...

WANTED—A GOOD STRONG GIRL TO DO ...

MISCELLANEOUS.

DIVORCES—WANTED—THOSE INTERESTED ...

DIVORCES—IF YOU WANT A LEGAL DI- ...

ENTERPRISING AGENTS WANTED—WITH ...

MOTHERS, MOTHERS, MOTHERS—NO MORE ...

SOME PERSON CAN LEARN OF A SPLENDID ...

TAPESTRY, PASSAGE AND FOREIGN EX- ... O. McDONNELL.

THE GREATEST BLESSING OF THE AGE ...

THOSE HAVING SMALL STOCKS OF DRY ...

TACHYGRAPHY—PHONOGRAPHY SIMPLI- ...

WANTED—TO BUY FOR CASH, LADIES' AND ...

WANTED—A RESPECTABLE, REFINED ...

WANTED—TO PURCHASE—FOUR SECOND- ...

WANTED—COPY OF BLACKSTONE'S COM- ...

WANTED—A MAN OF ABILITY AND GOOD ...

WANTED—A GOOD GOLD WATCH, WORTH ...

WANTED—NEW AND SECOND-HAND FUR- ...

FINANCIAL.

ANY ONE WISHING TO LOAN FROM $100 TO ...

INCOMES INCREASED FROM ONE QUARTER ...

MONEY TO LOAN—IN LARGE OR SMALL ...

MONEY TO LOAN—IN SUMS OF ...

TO LOAN—$7,000 ON ONE YEAR OR SHORTER ...

$5,000 TO LOAN—FOR SHORT TIME. IN ...

$3,750 TO LOAN—FOR 2 OR 3 YEARS ...

$20,000 TO LOAN IN SUMS OF ...

$35,000 TO LOAN—IN SUMS OF ...

HORSES AND CARRIAGES.

FOR SALE—CHEAP, NO. 1 HORSE AND DRAY ...

FOR SALE—ONE LEATHER, SHIFTING-TOP ...

FOR SALE—SECOND-HAND, 9-PASSENGER ...

HORSE AND BUGGY FOR SALE—A STYLISH ...

WANTED—A GOOD HORSE, BUGGY, AND ...

WANTED—A GOOD TOP BUGGY, NOT MUCH ...

WANTED—CARRIAGE—I WANT A LIGHT ...

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

FOR SALE—ONE ROSEWOOD PIANO, NEARLY ...

FOR SALE—A FIRST-CLASS PIANO FOR ...

TO RENT—NEW AND SECOND-HAND PI- ...

TWO NEW PIANOS, ORGANS AND MELO- ...

WANTED—A SECOND-HAND WELL-PRE- ...

SITUATIONS WANTED—MALES.

SITUATION WANTED—BY A ...

SITUATION WANTED—AS BOOK- ...

SITUATION WANTED—AS A ...

SITUATIONS WANTED—FEMALES.

SITUATION WANTED—BY A ...

AGENTS WANTED.

AGENTS WANTED—EMPLOYMENT ...

AGENTS WANTED—IN CHICAGO AND ...

AGENTS WANTED—MALE OR FEMALE ...

AGENTS WANTED—TEN CITY AGENTS ...

WANTED—TO EXCHANGE.

WANTED—TO EXCHANGE— ...

PARTNERS WANTED.

PARTNER WANTED—IN A LARGE ...

PARTNER WANTED—WITH A CAPITAL ...

PARTNER WANTED—WITH THIRTY ...

PARTNER WANTED—ANY ONE DESIR- ...

PARTNER WANTED—ACTIVE OR SILENT ...

PARTNER WANTED—WITH FROM ...

PARTNER WANTED—AN ACTIVE ...

PERSONAL.

PERSONAL—WILL M. M. PLEASE COMMUNICATE ...

PERSONAL—A MIDDLE-AGED WIDOW ...

PERSONAL—WILL THE YOUNG LADIES ...

REMINISCENCES OF TRAVEL.

A Chicago Girl in Venice.

On the Canal.

Music in the Cafes.

Italian Beggars.

Written for The Chicago Tribune.

On my return, the beautiful spectacle of an Italian sunset made our twenty minutes' row pass like an instant. I had secured a seat at the table d'hote next to my naval friend, and the easy code of Italian philosophy, together with his peculiar ideas on many subjects, and witty, though not profound, reasoning, often make me smile as I recall them. The first thing that strikes an Englishman, but more especially an American, is the carelessness with which all continentals, but more especially the Italians, treat the most trivial subjects, and the levity with which they approach a grave one. This, perhaps, more than any other attribute, excites the mingled dislike and compassion of John Bull for everything on the continent, forgetting in his prejudices that frivolity among French or Italians is not always a proof of imbecility, and that the same man who can dissect the wishes of a lady's dress can pick holes in a treaty or sum up the weak points of a constitution.

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After dinner, my young naval friend and myself entered a gondola, and, laying down on the soft cushions, abandoned ourselves to the charms of idleness and a cigar. I know no city where the post-prandial hour brings such an agreeable sense of repose and contentment as in Venice. Agreeable sights and sounds, and the absence of the jar and din accompanying the busy whirl of most large cities, together with the sight of running water, all tend to the maintaining of an excellent digestion. I recommend it as a residence for dyspeptics.

Floating down the canal, the gondoliers impelling the boat quietly, with an occasional turn of the oar, we looked lazily on the old palaces teeming with memories of the past. Now we glide past the Pesaro, the house of the Rezzonico, the three hundred stone heads ornamenting its facade, no two alike; then the Palazzo of the Foscari; and now again the balcony where Othello, ... the great miscegenator, anticipated coming improvements. On past these, to the Rialto, and then to the steps at the Riva, where we alighted, and strolled to the Piazza. The whole population seemed to be out enjoying the cool of the evening and the music of a military band—poor performers, it is true, not to be compared to the Austrian; but then the Italians would never walk on the Piazza when they played, so the only audience were their own white-coated officers, who lounged in front of the cafes, listening to their countrymen's excellent rendering of Donizetti and Strauss. We sat down before the Cafe Florian and ordered ices. These were excellent and cheap, I believe five soldi. Young Italy makes a frightful consumption of them in warm weather, which, as it lasts pretty much the year through, must enable Monsieur Florian, if there be such a person in existence, to do a very flourishing business. Groups of musicians, too, went from cafe to cafe and sang selections from operas, accompanying themselves on guitar, harp, and violin—the instrumental performance good, the voices full, rich, and with that roundness of tone we never find out of Italy. Tan sextette from Lucia, trio from Robert, and even the quartette from Rigoletto, were performed in a way that would insure the success of amateurs in any country but Italy. Indeed there is no country where you are less pestered by volunteers in the musical line, which I can only account for by the fact of their knowing so much about music that they would resent the infliction English and Americans must pretend to be happy in submitting to. Of the three things Balzac feared and detested above all others, native wines, pot-luck dinners, and amateur concerts, he justly condemned the latter as the worst punishment; for if the other two are bad, the host will be satisfied with a moderate degree of praise, but anything short of actual enthusiasm in the third case would be downright rudeness. The wandering minstrels having concluded their performance, received a shower of coppers and applause, the former being put in a tin-plate that was carried from table to table by a pretty and modest looking young girl (the soprano) tastefully dressed. These Italian concert girls are never of dubious character as is so often the case with us. If they were so their presence would not be tolerated for a single moment, and the reason is that with us only men frequent such places, while in Germany, France and Italy the wife and little ones participate in the pleasure of the paterfamilias, and their presence banishes excess. I never saw a case of intoxication in Italy; it is too coarse a vice for a refined and imaginative people.

The only break upon our enjoyments were the crowds of beggars who swarmed on every side, and are the plague-spot of Italy. The most disgusting sights met us on every side, evidences of the most loathsome diseases were exhibited to excite our compassion, and in every instance gratuities given to one seemed to encourage others to prosecution. Indeed, so far was this carried that groups of beggars separated so that alms given to one might not be supposed to include the whole; the blind man left his guide, and each demanded in turn a several contribution. Crowds of little boys, playing marbles until our arrival, fled and came each in turn to claim, with a stereotyped whine, his share of the general spoils. "I am dying of hunger; for the sake of the blessed Virgin, half a soldi, half a soldi! as I die, noble stranger!" Satisfied, they coolly resumed their play in our presence, repeating their performance as soon as a new arrival of strangers furnished the wished for opportunity. Italy is par excellence a land of beggars. They are tolerated and encouraged as if a sacred class. No stern summons to "move on" interrupts them; no workhouse or bridewell looms before them; no act for the suppression of vagrancy. The Bench has no terrors for them. For them, strangers, whom they consider as their especial prey, pour over the Alps and Simmering every year. For them, P. & O. steamers bring wealthy "milors," who will rather pay than be annoyed; and for them, if other resources fail, monasteries and religious institutions furnish a meal that the industrious can not always obtain. The natives also encourage them. Whether they think that in levying black-mail on strangers, they bring money into the country, I do not know; but I never saw an Italian, not even the poorest, refuse alms to a beggar; and, apropos of this numerous and pestilent class, I remember a story, universally told and credited in Naples, which condems much that I have obtained from personal observation.

An Englishman,—history sayeth not whether rich or poor, noble or commoner,—was, once upon a time, bringing insular prejudices to bear on Italian light wines and sunny skies. In other words, he was passing the winter at Naples. He had seen Napoli, and Mori too; and had found the sentiment as poor as the pun. He had been up Vesuvius, and, like Sir Charles Coldstream, saw nothing in it. Having gone through the usual routine of sightseeing, which your Englishman or American goes through with the same regularity and often the same feeling (if they would but own it) that an old circus horse scours around the ring when he hears the band play, he had settled down to bore himself à l'anglaise, and by drinking English wines, smoking imported cigars, reading English novels and newspapers, he was rapidly coming to despise the people (of whom he saw nothing) and the country and government, both of which he was equally well informed about. Pining for the clear sky and atmosphere of London, he kept up his drooping spirits by walking every day, after sunset, on the Chiaja, where he acknowledged the profound bow of his hotel-keeper, cut for the evening, by a contemptuous nod. One evening, taking his usual ramble, his attention was attracted by two strangers, who were slowly walking in his direction. One was a man about 35. They were Italians and seemed to enjoy their leisure and the beauty of the scene as only Italians can. Something indescribable in the man's walk, or voice, struck the Englishman as familiar. Doubting, he hat saluted, and his bow was gracefully returned. Attracted by the surpassing beauty of the girl, he engaged in conversation with the stranger, till, dusk having overtaken them, the man invited the Englishman to accept his hospitality. More and more puzzled, he entered a charming villa, fitted up with every luxury, when the young lady, by her grace, modesty, wit, and breeding, completed a conquest which her charms had begun. The father—for the relation between them was that—showed signs of a great education; but, on being asked by the Englishman where he had met him before, seemed confused, and averted the question. The Englishman at last took his leave, thoroughly mystified, as no efforts of his had been able to elicit anything connected with his new-found friends, occupation, or position. He begged permission to continue the acquaintance, which was granted, and, to make a long story short, he became thoroughly infatuated, and ended by marrying the daughter.

On the eve of the wedding, the father took the Englishman aside, and, in a moment of confidence, confessed his identity with the old beggar of the Chiaja. He had been a rich merchant or banker, or something of the sort, and misfortunes in business ruined him. He had no resource but to beg, and by his talents in this line, together with artistic genius, soon rose to the top of his profession. He became rich once more, but habit was too strong to resist and the piteous appeal that was once caused by real want continued when he was in a condition to retire on the fruits, not of toil, but of eloquence and dramatic talent. He continued to lead a double life, deceiving even his daughter as to his real means of livelihood. He felt bound in honor to make the Englishman his confidant—his only one. As regarded his daughter, in case the Englishman would not retreat, he was willing to give his child a dot of twenty thousand pounds.

"The Englishman took the girl and the money."

His eldest son was christened Beppo. This and many other anecdotes circulate among the beggars of Rome, Venice, and Naples, forming a kind of beggars' Bible, to which they refer as the knights did to the songs of the Troubadours, for fresh inspiration.

Sir Boyle Roach's story of the Irish beggars, that when he threw a coin among them the blind man saw it first, but the cripple had the foot of him and got the money, is among those eminent artists an every day occurrence. How far this has been effective in retarding the progress of modern Italy I leave my readers to imagine—though, at the same time we must reflect that those sores upon the body politic can only be cured by cleansing its blood from the impurities which taint it. For the source of this evil centuries of bad government, and, perhaps, too much past greatness will afford the solution.

VIATOR.

SEA-SONGS.

The Sailor's "Shanty"—Old and New Songs.

A writer in *Chambers' Journal* says:

"I once heard an old salt remark that a good shanty was the best bar in the capstan; and he spoke truly. A good voice and a low and stirring chorus are worth an extra hand on board a merchantman, which, as a rule, is manned with the least possible number that the law allows, and often goes to sea short-handed, even according to the parsimonious calculations of the owners. The only way the heavier work can be done at all is by each man doing his utmost at the same moment. This is regulated by the shanty, the true song of the 'toilers of the sea.' It is not recreation; it is an essential part of the work on ship-board. It is the shanty that mastheads the topsail yards when making sail; it starts and weighs the anchor; it brings down the main-tack with a will; it loads and unloads cargo; it keeps the pumps going; in fact, it does all the work where unison and strength are required. A good shanty is to the sailor what the pibroch is to the Highlander—invigorating, soul-stirring. At the capstan, on topsail halliards, in port and at sea, in calm and in storm, the ropes run smoother, the work is done quicker, when some twenty strong voices sing:

"'Haul the bowline, the fore and main top bowline;
Haul the bowline, the bowline haul;
Haul the bowline, the bowline haul!'

"I remember well, one dirty black night in the channel, beating up for the Mersey against a stiff breeze, coming on deck near midnight just as the tacks and sheets were let run, ... Then a strong voice sang out:

"'Haul the bowline, the bowline, the bowline;
Haul the bowline, the bowline haul!'

... "The above is what we call a hauling shanty. Shanties are of two kinds—those sung at the capstan, and those sung when hauling a rope. In the former the metre is longer, and they are generally of a more pathetic nature. To those who have heard it, as the men run round the capstan, bringing up the anchor from the English ship on a ship outward bound for a two years' trip, perhaps never to return, what can be more sad or touching, although sung with a good will:

"'To the Liverpool docks we'll bid adieu;
To Suke and Sall, and Polly, too;
The anchor's weighed, the sails unfurled;
We are bound to cross the watery world.
Hurrah! we're outward bound!
Hurrah! we're outward bound!'

"More stirring is the following:

"'Steer, boys, steer for California, O.
There's plenty of gold in the world, I'm told,
On the banks of the Sacramento.'

"There is an air of romance about California, the Brazils, and Mexico, that has a peculiar charm for Jack; and he has made them the subject of many a favorite shanty as Rio Grande, Valparaiso, Round the Horn, and Santa Anna. Rio Grande is perhaps the greatest favorite of this description of songs, but all the beauty lies in the mournful air:

"'To Rio Grande we're bound away; away to Rio;
Then fare you well, my pretty young girls;
We're bound to the Rio Grande.'

"The deeds of the buccaneers of old are held in great admiration by sailors—ballads descriptive of piracies, of murders by cruel Captains, and of mutinies, with a sprinkling of sea-fights dating from the last war with France and America.

"I remember once hearing a good shanty on board a Glasgow boat; something like the following was the chorus:

"'Highland day, and off she goes,
Off she goes with a flying fore-topsail;
Highland day, and off she goes.'

It was one of the most spirited things imaginable, when well sung; and when applied to the topsail halliards, brought the yards up in grand style.

"We now come to the hauling shanties. First there is the hand-over hand song, in very quick time; then the long-pull song. When there are a number of men—perhaps twenty or thirty—pulling on a rope, the reader will perceive that, to be effective, the pull must be made unanimously; this is secured by the shanty, the pull being made at some particular word in the chorus. For instance, in the following verse, each repetition of the word 'handy' is the signal for a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether:

"'Oh, shake her up, and away we'll go,
So handy, my girls, so handy;
Up aloft from down below,
So handy, my girls, so handy.'

"For heavier work, or when hands are few, one of longer metre is used, such as 'Land O, Boys,' 'Lizzie O,' 'Haul away, my Josey,' 'O long Storm,' storm along, stormy.

"There are some of the working songs of the sea. They are not chosen for their sense, but for their sound; they must contain good mouth-filling words, with the vowels in the right place, and the rhythmic metre at proper distance for chest and hand to keep true time; and this is why the sea song is found to wind to a trial of strength. The word may be ... and it cannot sing; for the sailor seldom whistles at sea, not always sings.

"Besides the working-day songs there are others for the forecastle and dog watches, such as Dibdin's, Barry Cornwall's, Tom Campbell's, Allan Cunningham's, Gay's, Shields', Stevens', and others.

"There is no doubt that the inimitable sea-songs of Charles Dibdin have done much towards keeping up the spirit on board of our British sailors; they are, in fact, an inheritance which the Government has never, it is hoped, undervalue. ...

... "'Twas in the Good Ship Rover,' 'Poor Tom Bowling,' ...

Had Dibdin written only to amuse, his reputation would have been great; but it would not have been so high ...

THE LITTLE SISTERS OF THE POOR.

An Interesting Community in Manchester.

The Manchester *Guardian* gives some interesting particulars as to the Society of "Little Sisters of the Poor," which was founded in 1840 by a French priest named Lepailleur, in Brittany, and is the youngest of the many forms of Roman Catholic charity. The Little Sisters of the Poor form a religious order under a mother superior, who presides over the 3rd house in Brittany. ...

... The community in Manchester consists of thirteen sisters, mostly from France and Belgium, ...

But while remunerative labor is impossible to nearly, if not quite all, the residents of this Home for the Aged, many of them can do little offices, or undertake jobs for the comfort of the united family. ...

While, of course, the old men and women occupy separate wings, they visit one another when they please, and visitors from outside are always welcome. As the ages of the old people range from sixty to nearly ninety, many of them are very infirm. Some are blind; some deaf. As the religion of the Sisters is that of the Roman Catholic Church, it is natural that a large proportion of their family should be of the same faith. But religion has nothing to do with admission to the Home. Its inmates include several Protestants, while the support of the Home is largely obtained from Protestant sources. In the chapel, which will be accommodate about two hundred worshippers, mass is sung daily, and every Sunday, by the Rev. J. Sharpe, the Roman Catholic chaplain at the City Jail; and residents in the district may worship within its walls.

The home is supported by voluntary gifts, which are collected by the Sisters. Two Sisters are constantly employed making a house-to-house collection of money, provisions and donations. Two others are also at work every day, driving round the city in a van bearing the name and locality of the institution; ... Almost everyone has something to give, something that would spoil if the Sisters did not now have use for it. From these sources alone the home is supported. Among the gifts the Sisters have received are a cow, a donkey, a pony, and a goat. ... poor by the township of Chorlton upon Medlock, and are called upon to pay this year no less a sum than £27, 14s. 10c.

THE ANTS OF AFRICA.

The Story of the Drivers—How They Work, Fight, and Foray.

From the American Naturalist.

A very few hours' residence in the tropical regions of Africa brings one into a very undesirable familiarity with that extensive tribe of insects, the ants, some species of which are found in all parts of the world, but which are greatly multiplied in the tropical regions of the globe. ...

It is of one species only that I propose to speak, the drivers (Anomma arcens of Westwood), an insect whose life history is yet very imperfectly known, but of whose habits I ... tropical regions of West Africa cannot long remain ignorant.

The driver ants vary in size from three-quarters of an inch to one-third of an inch in length, the soldiers being the largest. They are of a glossy, jet black color, with a large head, armed with exceedingly sharp, branching forceps, or mandibles, with which they seize and cut up their prey. They do not appear to have any fixed habitations, as do the termites, but excavate their retreats between the roots of trees, and in the cavity thus formed lay their eggs and rear their young, and literally millions of millions) go upon their raids.

The night is chosen for the foraging expeditions. In the midst of social enjoyment the exciting announcement is made, "Here are the drivers!" and instantly, as by an electric shock, all are on the alert to escape a personal attack. ...

The drivers are alike the enemies of man and beast, though there are times when their visits are most welcome. On their approach every kind of vermin is seized with consternation, and seeks safety in flight. Centipedes, cockroaches, scorpions, &c., leave their hiding-places, and are seen seeking places of greater security, only to fall at last into the clutches of their relentless foe, from whom there is no escape.

An invading army could not exhibit a higher state of discipline than is seen in the movements of these insects. They enter a house usually at one point, where a strong guard is stationed, to defend the pass; they then branch off right and left, and again divide and subdivide, till the whole ground is completely covered; not an inch is left unexplored, and every crack and cranny is entered, giving but little hope of escape to any creature that may be found secreted there. ...

The attack goes on simultaneously, in different parts of the house. ...

These insects have no eyes, but their sense of smell is very acute, ...

Some negroes that had mutinied the Irish ...

THE SHAN VAN VOGHT.

A True Story.

BY REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

From the Riverside Magazine.

CHAPTER I.

It was just outside of Mr. Kelsoe's own farm gate that he and Tom met Mr. Keogh. The clergyman had been riding hard. ...

"There is no trusting any of them," Mr. Keogh went on excitedly. ...

Mr. Kelsoe shook his head. "I think I know these people better than you," he said mildly. "What did they do last week in Donegal? ..."

"Father, is it true that the rebels have done as he says, in Sligo?"

"I am afraid it is, Tom."

"The hounds! I'd like to see them come after our arms! It would give me satisfaction, father, to have a crack at one of that rabble, with my fowling-piece."

"There is something to be said on their side," Mr. Kelsoe said, as if talking to himself. "There is something always to be said on the other side." Tom's father had always been a member of the Church of England, but Nature meant him for a Quaker.

"They are thieves and murderers!"

"They are God's creatures, my son."

As soon as they reached the house, Tom rushed up-stairs to clean his fowling-piece. He had only owned it a week.

Tom Kelsoe was 10 years old; just the age of Tom Waters next door to us. He was a big, broad-chested fellow, too, and could throw any boy of his size, just like this other Tom. They had the same honest, freckled faces, and shock of hair, and chapped red hands; and there was a lot of string, and nails, and a top, and a wormy apple, in Tom Kelsoe's pocket, precisely as there is in Tom Waters' now. But this Tom Tom was to be seen afar off, in his blue roundabout, gay with gilt buttons; this one strolled his way through a great public school, and chattered glibly of chemistry, geology, and steam engines; the other pored over the heavy Latin books, with an humble, awkward tutor, who "taught some of the gentry the humanities," ...

"A cheerful wind and cloudy sky ..."

One hurrah for Grant; the other prayed every night for King George and Queen Charlotte. Tom Waters is a jolly, wide-awake boy yet, and means to be President; the other Tom was long ago laid to rest, an old, white-headed man. For our story is of nearly a century ago; and the rebels whom Tom Kelsoe feared did not belong to this country, but to a little island, where the fields are green, and the people hot-tempered all the year round.

Tom polished his gun vigorously. Kit Cassidy held the oil and bits of leather. Kit was Tom's foster brother.

"I'd like a chance at one of the rebels with this, Kit."

"It's yerself as wud be the shure shot, Masther Tom!"

"What can those wretches do with arms?" (boastingly). "They never owned a gun."

"They wur'n't allowed any—no more than the beasts. You're in the right of it, Masther Tom," said Kit.

"Why, you belong to their Church, Kit; you ought to be one of them," (carelessly, peering in the barrel as he spoke).

"Och, wirrastrue! wud yees say to me that I was a Ribbonman?" with a sudden howl of horror.

"Don't bother, Kit. Pick up that cloth, and stop wailing. I know you're Orange to the backbone. Like me."

Kit stood by in silence a while, his furtive blue eyes steadily watching Tom, under the light lashes.

"I suppose yees cou'dn't lift one of the masther's guns, now?"

"I can lift any one of them. Come and see."

Tom laid his pretty silver-mounted gun over his bed carefully, and then ran down the steps leading to his father's chamber, closely followed by Kit. It was a large room, with windows opening to the ground. Over the fire-place hung a couple of crossed swords, and a fine gun, which Mr. Kelsoe used in the season. ...

"Is that all?" said Kit, with a touch of contempt. Tom hesitated. An Irish gentleman took as much pride in his weapons as his horses, and Tom had no mind to hear his father accused of still, he remembered that Kit belonged to the class who were punished with death, if a gun was found in their possession; and they were now in rebellion, burning and killing. Mr. Kelsoe said, in before them, to gain possession of their very guns.

"If I show you the others, you'll never breathe it now, Kit?" he said, at last. "There's danger in it."

"Them rascally Ribbonmen, I know. Och, yees wouldn't be afeard of poor Kit, now, Masther Tom?"

So Tom pushed back the bed-curtains, touched a spring in the panel, and showed a secret closet, which hung about a dozen guns, most of them finely mounted. "My father has a better collection than Lord Ballymahon," he said, proudly, closing the door.

"Troth, it's fine." But Kit turned away with a dull, indifferent face, that Tom's ...

...

Tom liked to go down to the kitchen to be flattered and joked with, and to hear stories of fairies or banshees. ...

It was about midnight when Tom awoke with the sudden feeling of terrible danger. The room was still as death; the candle was gone out, but the moonlight lay in a square patch on the floor. He got up and groped about. Nothing. He went to the window. What was that dark, compact mass by the copse yonder, where the fox slept? ...

There were a dozen figures in the hall below, struggling in the moonlight. His father, fighting the robbers, alone and unaided. Tom Kelsoe writhed frantically, but to no purpose. Mr. Kelsoe was not a strong man, but he fought like—an Irishman. It was in vain, though; the dark, silent figures swamped out of every door, overpowered him, left him tied and helpless. Yet Tom, through all his fury, could not but notice that they were oddly gentle with his father; did not return one of his desperate blows. The women they had locked, unharmed, into the dining-room. When Mr. Kelsoe was conquered, there was a moment's quiet; then the masked men went out and returned, carrying the store of weapons which Tom had discovered to Kit. One man, who seemed to be the leader, paused a moment at the door, and, coming back, laid two of the most costly guns beside Mr. Kelsoe, breaking the absolute silence which they had observed, by a whisper—

"You must not miss the fox-hunts."

Then they disappeared; all but one small, stealthy figure, that stole down, a moment after, from Tom's room, with his fowling-piece in hand.

"It's that scoundrel, Kit Cassidy!" Tom could have cried with rage.

When his mother had succeeded in freeing herself and her husband, and Tom had found a voice, his passion knew no bounds. He shrieked out, "Croppies, lie down!" from the door, after the retreating figures, as the most offensive words he could find. "God's creatures!" he stormed, following his father. "They are treacherous thieves!" He wondered to find his father and mother so quiet.

"They have not touched the plate," said Mrs. Kelsoe; "and look at this, my dear," pointing to a heap of rings, a watch and chain, which she had taken off the night before. "They took nothing but the arms."

"How can she say a word for them?" muttered Tom. "God's creatures, indeed!" He went up to his room and looked at the empty hooks, where his gun had hung. It was as much as he could do to keep the tears out of his eyes. "I hope that Kit Cassidy may never come in my way," he said, savagely. "I'll be revenged, if it is a thousand years from now!"

CHAPTER II.

Kit Cassidy was seen no more in the Kelsoe kitchens. His father, and two or three other men, who were employed on the farm, disappeared, and were supposed to have joined the Ribbonmen. Tom went quite a hero among the other boys for a few weeks; Joe Spencer and Phil Boyd came over to see the marks of the ropes on his wrists. At the meet on Saturday, too, Captain Dundas, who often dined with Mr. Kelsoe, called out, "That foster-brother of yours played you a sharp trick, eh, Tommy?"

"But I mean to pay him for it, sir," cried Tom, loudly.

"That's right, my lad," said the Captain, nodding and laughing. Tom was almost as proud as if he had his new fowling-piece to carry that morning.

He used after that to say every day to the boys: "I'll pay Kit Cassidy yet," thinking how Captain Dundas would applaud him if he heard it, until, one day, Phil Boyd said: "I didn't think you were the kind of boy to keep a grudge. It seems mean and catish to me."

... "I never knew a fellow who could train a setter like Kit Cassidy," he said to Phil; "and when I think of ..."

...

"They are men," said Mr. Kelsoe, gravely; "and perhaps it would be better to have called out the best part of their manhood, instead of the worst."

... "By the way, Kelsoe, there is a queer story going that one of your fairies is left open at night, from which your people ..."

"The women and children are starving," said Tom's mother, quietly.

"You encourage the rebellion, madam."

"If thine enemy hunger, feed him," said Mrs. Kelsoe.

CHAPTER III.

Near a year had gone by. One cool evening soon after harvest time, Tom sat alone on the gate, looking over the dreary fields. ...

"How is he to-day, sir?"

"The same, my lad. Typhoid is a slow disease. But I hope it will all come right in time." ...

"What is wrong, Tom, boy? Perhaps I can be of some help to you?"

... "If your crops were in," hesitated the doctor.

"If the crops were in, we would be safe," said Tom, eagerly; "but look at them!" pointing to the great fields of uncut grain, beginning to droop from over-ripeness. "There is not a man to be found to cut them."

"There are but half a dozen laborers left in the county; we miss the croppies, that is true," rejoined the Doctor.

"There's no chance of pardon for them?" asked Tom, anxiously.

"Pardon! Why, regiments from Dublin are guarding every cross road through the hills; and, as soon as a Ribbonman puts his head into sight, he is shot down. ..."

... "I don't know," said Tom, moodily. But his heart grew warm and light. He ran to the kitchen, and brought a smoking cup of tea up to his mother. She could drink it from his hands better than any of the maids. She looked at his bright face, as she gave the cup back.

"Is there any good news, Tom?"

"Well, no. Not exactly news. But it will come, mother," said Tom, confidently.

As he came down the stairs with the empty cup, he saw a dark figure standing in the dimly lighted hall. He stopped, with a thrill of terror; it was no robber. He had heard of cases where desperate from hunger, the rebels had left their hiding places, and gone into farm-houses, both to rob and murder. ... He took it, disappeared. It was a square, dirty paper, sealed with the mark of a thumb upon the wax. Inside were these words:

"*Let no one leave this house to-night. On pain of death.*

(Signed) "By order of

"THE SHAN VAN VOGHT."

and underneath were scrawled these lines:

"For old Ireland shall be free,
From the centre to the sea;
Says the Shan Van Voght."

What the Shan Van Voght might be, Tom did not clearly know. A mysterious power which the rebels obeyed, he had heard, no matter what deed of wickedness it dictated to them. ...

...

"You're safe, father!" Tom clung to his hand.

"Safe, my boy!" cried the doctor; "The crisis is past, thanks to God."

But Tom's brain went back to the old thought: "Whom did they murder? Father, father, to call them God's creatures!"

No one spoke. But the Captain led Tom to the window, and threw it open. The red flush of the early day lay soft and bright on the green slopes, and the dewy woods, and glancing river; and there, as far as the eye could see, was the cut grain, in long, even, golden heaps, shining in the sun!

Tom tried to speak, but a great lump in his throat choked him. Underneath the window were stacked the arms taken from Mr. Kelsoe. Tom's pretty fowling-piece laid on the top.

"They left this bit of paper," said Mr. Kelsoe. Tom read the words scrawled on it:

"*God save yer honner. We're off to Amerikay.*"

"There will be a free pardon issued," said the Captain. "And, upon my word, I'm almost glad the scoundrels have escaped."

But Tom was looking intently at a wretched figure below, with an empty sleeve pinned to his breast. "It's Kit, father," he said, pleadingly. "It's my foster-brother."

"Yes, Tom, and bring him in. And never forget that it was the hated croppies who have saved us from ruin; and that the man who seemed vilest to you is only your brother, with heart and blood like your own."

"They've given you your life, Kelsoe, that's a fact!" said the Captain. He stopped, turning his head away, that they might not see his wet eyes. "It's a curiously pleasant day," he said, after a while. "I suppose it is something in the air. But I feel as if I could find a brother in any man, even a scoundrelly croppy, and see something good even in the Shan Van Voght!"

The Return.

From Morris' "Earthly Paradise."

But when at last he met the broad sweet light
Upon the hill's brow where that wood had end,
And saw the open upland fresh and bright,
A thrill of joy that right through him must send,
And with good heart he 'twixt the fields did wend,
And not so much of that sad scene he thought
As of the wealthy life he thence had brought;

So amidst thoughts of pleasant life and ease,
Seemed all things fair that eve; the peasant's door,
The mother with the child upon her knees
Sitting within upon the sanded floor;
While 'neath the trellised gourd some maid sung o'er
Her love to the rude lute's trembling strings,
Her brown breast heaving 'neath the silver rings;

The slender damsel coming from the well
Smiling beneath the flashing brazen jar,
Her fellows left behind her, as to tell
Her weary or her smiles her lovers are;
While the small children round wage watery war
Till the thin smock more transparent grows;
And ruddy brown the flesh beneath it grows;

The trooper drinking at the homestead gate,
Telling wild lies about the sword and spear,
Unto the farmer striving to abate
The soldier's price; the village drawing near,
The smoke, that scenting the fresh eve, and clear,
Tells of the feast; the stithy's dying spark,
The barn's wealth dimly showing through the dark.

How sweet was all! how easy it should be
Amid such life one's self-made woes to bear!
He felt as one who, walking suddenly
To life's delight, knows not of grief or care,
How kind, how lovesome, all the people were!
Why should he think of aught but love and bliss,
With many years of such-like life as this?

Night came at last, and darker and more still
The world was, and the stars hung in the sky,
And as the moon o'ertopped a shadowy hill
He saw before him the great city lie,
The glimmering lights about gray towers and high,
Rising from gardens dark; the guarded wall,
The gleaming dykes, the great sea bounding all.

As one who at the trumpet's sound casts by
The tender thought of rest, of wife, and child,
And fear of death for hope of victory,
So at the sight these sweet vague hopes and wild
Did he cast by, and in the darkness smiled
For pleasure ... of ...
For forecast ... of ...

A Story Barnum Don't Tell.

Barnum tells in his autobiography a great many stories illustrative of his own sharpness, ... It was the second ... and David Clark, of Hartford, ... the Legislature met in New Haven ...

"CRACKERS" REBUKED.

By and bye, after the dinner had been disposed of, Mr. Clark proposed the health of Governor Harvey, and the Governor responded in a brief speech. ... Mr. Chairman: You hear, I am not to the ... The question had not left his lips before Brown, ... in answer.

The entire crowd happened to know the story of the Barnum-Jerome failure—how each accused the other of dishonesty, and how Barnum had lost all ... —*The Bulletin.*

Science for Children.

A writer in *Nature* offers some valuable suggestions concerning scientific teaching for children. He says:

"The schoolmasters of the present day may be divided into two categories: those who teach, and those who hear lessons; the latter class, unfortunately for the next generation, being by far the most numerous. ...

"It may be urged that children of eight or nine are too young for systematic science teaching, but facts prove the contrary. ... As to these, Fields such as these are perfectly comprehensible to children even younger than those I have named."

The Old Geologist.

Amid his fossils stretched he lay,
Himself almost a fossil,
Fast burning out the vital ray—
Truth's sturdiest apostle.

Bones, teeth, and shells which he had found,
Queer spoils of happy labors,
All grimly set and plastered round—
These were his friends and neighbors.

A while they lived, anon they died,
Each lily in its station,
Where Life and Death worked side by side,
Twin daughters of Creation.

In rankest jungles freely roved
A thousand curious creatures;
He knew them well, and knowing loved
Their gaunt, ungainly features.

He tracked the endless march of time
Along the steps of ages;
His searching reason found no prime,
But only older stages.

New shapes of older shapes were born—
No break in the succession—
A waxing day without a morn—
One whole and grand procession.

And is this all? is this the sum
Of man's supreme endeavor,
To know that, when the hour is come,
He, too, must pass—for ever,—

Like any other feeble prey
For whom, beyond ceasing,
With ready arrow poised alway,
Sure Death is calmly waiting?

Shall spotless Truth, whom he has wooed
With all a martyr's passion,
Declare the fate, in lordly mood,
That slays him in such fashion?

His loyal fame, ne'er growing dim,
Shall be hereafter cherished,
Or must at still her face for him,
And leave him now to perish?

The secret of this wondrous plan
By searching who can find it?
Yet something tells the inner man
There must be more behind it.

—*Saint Paul's Magazine.*

Educated Vision.

We desire to call special attention to the singularly interesting address of the new rector of the University of Vienna, Carl von Littrow, on a subject which does not at first sight appear to be of a very interesting character, viz., the backwardness of the ancients in the science of the heavens, ... according to the elder Pliny. ... —*Nature.*

Old-Time Marriages.

The Boston *Advertiser*, from other extracts from old papers, gives the following:

"The Boston *Gazette* of December 8, 1780, contains an announcement of a very curious marriage ceremony which had occurred in England, in which the bride, who was a widow, resorted to an extraordinary shift to relieve the bridegroom of liability for the former husband's debts. It is as follows: 'John King and Frances Read were recently married in Bucks County, Eng. The good woman drank a glass of brandy, and then stripped herself in the church of everything but her shift, and stood in that condition during the whole ceremony, in order to exempt the person ... *Gazette* accompanies the announcement with a ...' *In February, 1789, at West Haven, Conn.*, ..."

A young wife, caressing her lapdog, cried out with transport, "Oh, my jewel! you are the most beautiful puppy in the world—after my husband."

THE DEAD MAN'S BELL.

"My child crying again," said Tom Morley, five minutes after I had been in his house, parabolically. "Worse than that," said I, "I never might have such a bell; it doesn't tell the tale." I heard such a bell! it doesn't ... "I'll tell you when I come back," he replied; and Tom Morley went to the surgery to see what was wanted.

I had seen Cranford on my way in a journey ...

"The bell is a crooked bell,
In a crooked street ...
...
In a little crooked house."

At least, with the single exception of the crooked mouse, I saw all the other crookednesses as I ...

... "Well," said Tom Morley, returning to the room after having seen his patients, "now, about that bell. Come and look at it."

I followed him up stairs, and along a winding dark passage on the first floor, till we came to a remarkable narrow turnstile, ...

"There," he said to me, with evident relish for the effect, "I have a bell that always ... The bell itself is a dead man's bell. ..."

... You must know that this poky little house, and that the gabled barn next to it, ... My father, Isaac Morley, was called a bad landlord: ...

Folks in Cranford were divided in opinion as to whether Isaac Morley was rich and miserly, or only poor ...

... A great man for doctors was my father. ...

Doctor Gryant ticked off every item in the ...

... "You see," said my father, "my dining-room being on the ground floor, I may just as well have for you by the fire as on your doorstep."

"Quite so," assented the doctor.

"And you are not likely to mistake my ring for a stranger's?"

"Certainly not. But that is a very queer bell, Mr. Morley. Do you know it has not a pleasant sound ... ?"

... "Well," he thought to himself, "there is no doubt I shall know the old fellow's ring."

My father was, certainly, a great plague for any doctor to live next door to. ...

Dr. Gryant's practice was not large. ...

... I was sitting in the same room, and near about the very spot, where my father died, ten days before, at that very hour. ...

... down in the cashbox was a will—a mere sheet of note paper, but duly signed and attested, and it ran thus:

"I, Isaac Morley, of sound mind and body, do give and bequeath all my real and personal estate of which I may be possessed to my son Thomas Morley, whom I hereby appoint sole executor to my last will and testament."

... "Parrot. A parrot—a queer bird. Its name is Bob ..."

... "Fancy, I repeated, "that is absurd. There could be no fancy about hearing such a bell as that. Either you did hear it or you did not, for it is a bell *that would wake the dead.*"

Inadvertently and lightly I spoke these words; but their effect on Doctor Gryant was terrible. ...

... "You have it, murderer!" ...

... I rose early, and went over to ...

... That night I was away from home between 12 ...

... "You will know," I said, shutting the door and locking it to prevent his retreat. ...

... The Coroner's commission was reopened, and followed by a formal trial. Doctor Gryant was sentenced to be confined during Her Majesty's pleasure in a criminal lunatic asylum, where he died raving mad. ...

Uncle Batchelor's Opinions.

He was a bachelor, was Uncle Batchelor; and, though the kindest-hearted fellow in the world, even on a Christmas evening, ... couldn't help saying a hard thing now and then. ...

"You might as well be a hermit, Uncle Batchelor," said Miss Mary.

... "Why do you call woman the 'opposite sex'?" asked Cousin Annie, wilfully. ...

"Because, my dear, they're contrary to us," ...

... "I never understood the force of water, John," remarked Uncle Batchelor to my father, "until I saw your wife cry. Her tears turned the argument."

"I got the best of it," said my father, "as far as the grounds of reasoning went."

"Grounds," replied uncle, catching at the word. "Yes, you might have won there; but she conquered by water."

I have said that Uncle John was a bit of a theologian. A Catholic priest used to visit at our house, and nothing gave uncle greater pleasure than to exchange batches of wit with him ...

"You've only got six sacraments in your church," my uncle asserted.

"Why, Mr. Batchelor, there are seven."

"I know better," retorted my uncle; "you've only six."

"Permit me," said the clergyman mildly, feeling sure of his ground, "to enumerate them. Here are the same as with you."—

"Quite so," answered uncle, complacently.

"Then," continued the priest, checking them off on his fingers, "there's penance, matrimony"—

"Stop!" interrupted uncle, his eyes twinkling. "That's where you're wrong. Penance and matrimony are the same thing."

His Reverence laughed; and so they passed their evening pleasantly together.

... "Do you know what Ninon de L'Enclos said?" asked my uncle of my cousin Frank, ...

"No," replied Frank, who didn't care twopence for Ninon in Longchamps ...

"Hum!" muttered Frank, "I'll stand no more shilly-shallying."

... Frank was wild because Miss Winseley flirted with all the officers of the Tenth at the county ball. ...

"A coquette," said uncle, "is like an oyster-eater; she takes men by the dozen."

"Confound her!" said young Frank, who was a pretty boyish-looking fellow.

"Yes, confound her," ...

... A married couple who were staying with us were always quarreling. The husband left us for a journey. His wife accompanied him to the train.

"To make sure he does go," said my uncle. ...

... "My uncle smiled."

... "As for me," said the master of the house, loudly and boldly, "in my own house I'm an autocrat—a perfect Julius Caesar."

The wife opened the door. ...

... My uncle chuckled, and wished them good-night.

A Simple Poem.

BY A TRANSCENDENTALIST.

If you cannot an Orbit weel ...

Conversational Powers.

...

TIT-BITS.

O. Death lives in Warren County, Ohio. Letters of inquiry, couched in respectful language, will ...

Pulpit eloquence in the Quaker district in Philadelphia is considered to be "dead silence again," ...

Now-a-days ...

A Cariboo gentleman, ...

The match-makers are on a strike; so are the match-strikers.

The most prominent feature of winter—its nose (if snowy).

... Very vulgarly: "You ought not to come so to our dance with boots on."

...

Courtship is bliss, but matrimony blister. Light literature—sunbeams.

There's nothing so fast as a conductor's baton; it beats time.

Lord Erskine was once seated at a dinner party ...

... A Dutchman left Austin for White Plains ...

... A Memphis paper tells this anecdote: ...

...

The Tribune.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 30, 1870.

FAMOUS EUROPEANS.

Written for The Chicago Tribune.

Prussia's Premier—Count von Bismarck-Schönhausen.

The Count von Bismarck is more startled in America and by Americans abroad than that of any other statesman. Grave and reserved by nature, yet witty, and that an American lover of fun will appreciate, he surprises by the variety with which he readily changes by a certain mood in which he wears. He hears not close quarters of in that character which he wears with most ease, and he laughs to hear a sort of compliment for the list of people who set up and down like so many hundreds of the sons of heroes—owned by married political encounters, fed on the rations of Pomeroy by newspaper infamies, who are hailed as "statesmen" and considered the residents of contemporaneous immortals "from a grateful country." Grateful for what? Is President's name? Many honor him alike; Glancer, though the story of his life has been deposited to the source of times by his contemporaries, said, when that of more importance by his question. His name is more familiar to American ears than that of many Secretary of State Seward's reputation, saving, perhaps, to the author of his countrymen, who, supposed in the invention of "O, come to the country" when he arrived in England. Owing, also, to the fact that the forty years of the Count von Bismarck's life have been spent in the very of thought standing to spring up. Among the very few who gained rank a presentation, Count Auersperg hailed the Count as "the Count" and was the "Promenades of a Vienna Poet," full of wit, humor, and kind political conception. Goethe, and Alexander von Humboldt, Germans, with Auersperg, the chief assistants of the Universities as of absolute poetry of the government. They attended it, they studied the literary style of the democratic knowledge of Northern Germany, who endeavored to build up a pantheism on the ideas of the Count von Bismarck, but it is way to name the public mind to the merits of a possible reform and gradual progress, attending its correct result.

The descendant of a race dating its origin from the middle of the eleventh century, Count Auersperg was born in Latisch, Carniola, in 1806. Intended for military life by his father, he was educated at the military academies of Lemberg in Vienna. The death of his father in 1816, leaving him sole heir of the family estates, induced him to abandon the military career for that for the university. Here he studied jurisprudence and philosophy, and upon taking possession of his inheritance he found himself in the possession of the Count von Bismarck-Schönhausen. Albany, before the appearance of the work above mentioned, he had made himself known under his pseudonym of Anastasius Grün, by the publication of "Spaziergänge eines Wiener Poeten," a collection of ballads in the style of the song of the Nibelung and founded upon incidents in the history of Austria. They appeared "Schutt," a volume of tender imaginative stories of peasant life, and "Nachtwächter," a collection of the three leaders of the new ideas was a sentimental melancholy which in the "Spaziergänge" was changed to a humorous and contented in that unhappy matter with that final arrival of Dagobin—utter loss of reason.

This extraordinary production of a mind originally beautiful; sort also by Jordanes, a picture (greatly admired by critics), a take scene, entitled "The Drowning Girl and Death," a representation of the treasures long concealed in the Rhine, and the "Legend of Rudolf von Habsburg," a poem founded upon an old popular legend, and in which the character and reforms of Rudolf are delineated with a masterly hand.

Auersperg was married in 1834 to Miss Wilhelmine Von Stubenberg, a lady of literary tastes and of considerable poetical power, and his marriage with the daughter of Count Attems, Ober-Landmarschall of Styria, and the granddaughter of Count Wurmbrand, Austrian Minister of War, added to his connections with the highest circles of the Austrian aristocracy. Of this marriage there were two children, a son and a daughter, the latter of whom died in infancy. The son, Count Adolph Auersperg, is now a captain in the Austrian army, and is married to a daughter of Count Thun-Hohenstein, Austrian Minister to Saxony.

Auersperg's political career began in 1848, when he was elected to the Parliament of 1848, and was a member of the Left Centre in the National Assembly. The September outbreak in Vienna, followed by the execution of Robert Blum, filled him with a feeling of disgust at the violence of party, and on the same withdrew from a political career, and for years devoted any connection with politics. Possessed of a large fortune, and of considerable literary,